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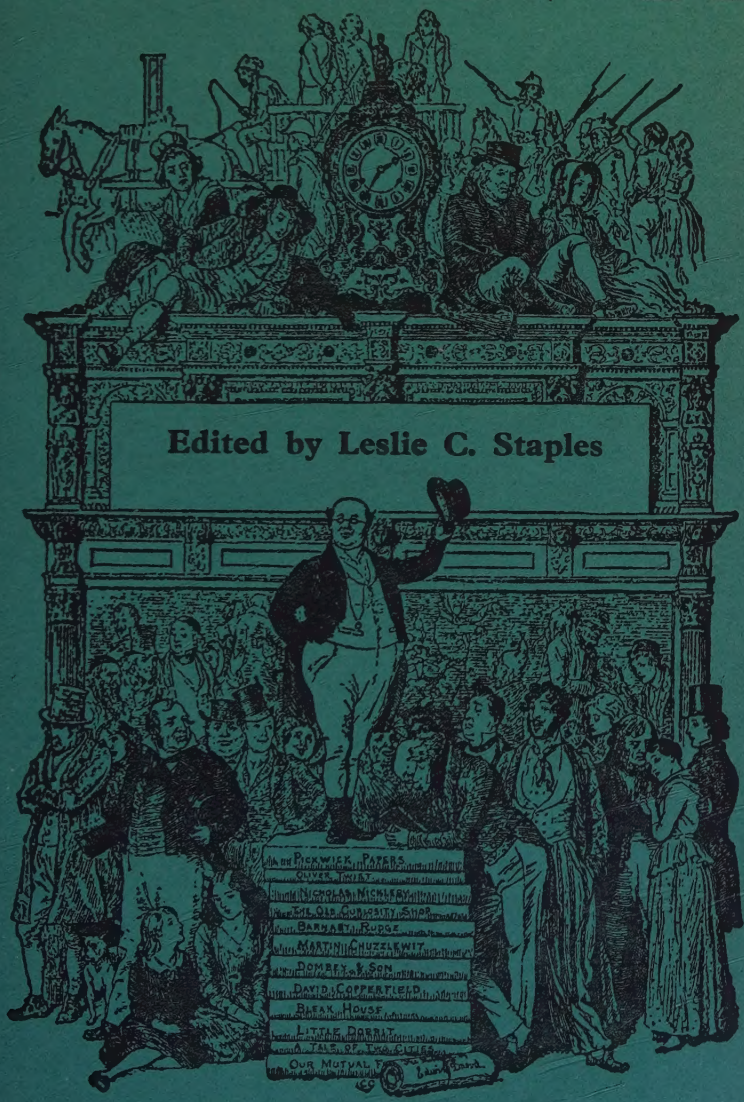

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Dickens's Châlet from Gad's Hill
Now at Cobham Park

(Dickens House Collection)

(see p. 68)

THE DICKENSIAN

SUMMER NUMBER

VOL. LVI. MAY 1960 No. 331

WHEN FOUND—

The Birthday The 148th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated by the Dickens Fellowship in London at a Dinner held on February 8th, at the Piccadilly Hotel. The attendance has only once since the war been larger, and a highly successful evening was enjoyed. Mr. Hesketh Pearson and Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge paid tributes to Dickens, the Toast to The Visitors was proposed by Mr. W. A. Macgregor, Hon. Treasurer, to which Miss Christianna Brand replied. But the honours of the evening undoubtedly went to the Chairman, Miss Margaret Lane, President, in a delightful speech replying to the toast to her health, proposed by the Editor of *The Dickensian*. The menu appropriately pointed out that the Piccadilly Hotel stands on the site of the St. James's Hall in which Dickens gave many of his public readings, including the final one in March, 1870.

* * * * *

Dexter Memorial Fund The many subscribers to the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund, which was raised to provide endowment for the Dickens House, will be interested to learn that but for their efforts, the Trustees might well now be in serious difficulty. The front wall of the house next door, which also belongs to the Trustees, and provides part of the income of the Dickens House, was recently found to be faulty and has had to be rebuilt. The cost has been considerable, but owing largely to the existence of the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund, the Trustees have been able to meet it.

* * * * *

Sylvère Monod Members of the Dickens Fellowship in London were the guests of the Institut Français at South Kensington on February 23rd, to hear one of the finest lectures on Dickens that it has been our fortune to hear for a very long while. It was given by M. Sylvère Monod, Professor of English at the University of Caen, Normandy, who chose to speak on *Great Expectations*, this being the centenary year of the book's publication. A review of M. Monod's recently published French translation of the novel, by Dr. K. J. Fielding, appears on another page. Attention has been increasingly drawn to M. Monod's writings on Dickens for some years past and it was a joy to hear him in person and to find him in such splendid form. A version of his lecture will appear in these pages later in the year. M. Monod has promised to speak at the Birthday Dinner in London next year.

* * * * *

John Greaves Admirers of our Hon. Secretary's Dickens Recitals will learn with pleasure of the great success which attended his Recital tour of schools in Holland in March.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

THE CHÂLET FROM GAD'S HILL

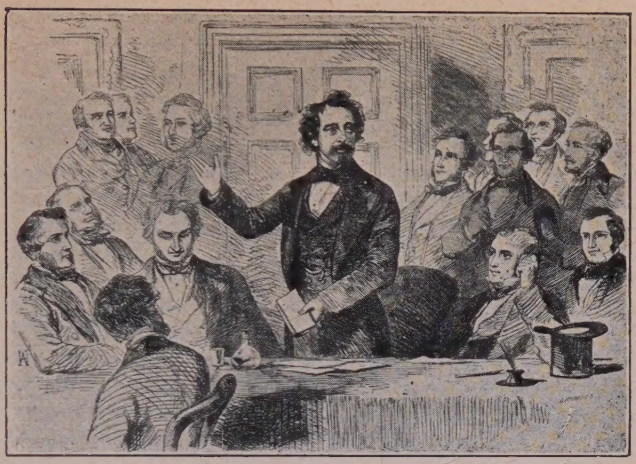
MISS Margaret Lane, President of the Dickens Fellowship, has launched an appeal for the preservation of the celebrated Châlet from Gad's Hill. Not for many years has so intimate a memento of the novelist been the subject of such an appeal and every effort is to be made to ensure success.

The Châlet, seen in our frontispiece, was presented to Dickens by his friend, the actor Charles Fechter, from whom it arrived in fifty-eight packing cases, having then to be assembled like a jig-saw puzzle. It was erected in the Wilderness, the wild garden of Dickens's property, which is reached by a tunnel he had constructed beneath the public road. Once erected, the upper room became his favourite study in the summer months. "I have put five mirrors in the Châlet where I write," he wrote to an American friend, "and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is delicious."

In this upper room he spent the whole of the day before he died, working on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

For a great many years the Châlet has stood in the grounds of Cobham Hall, a short distance from Gad's Hill, but Cobham Hall has now been sold to the Ministry of Works, which could not itself undertake to preserve the Châlet but declared itself sympathetic to anyone who would. The Dickens Fellowship was asked for advice and as a result of negotations with various bodies the Rochester Corporation finally offered a site which the Fellowship considered very suitable. Mr. Charles Eade generously offered to re-erect in the gardens of Bleak House, Broadstairs, but it was felt that, if possible, it should be in the care of a Public body. It has now been decided that the City of Rochester's offer be accepted and the Châlet is to be re-erected in the grounds of Eastgate House, the City Museum in the High Street. Eastgate House was the model for the Nuns' House, in *Edwin Drood*, and the garden with its sun-dial where Jasper declared his love for Rosa is still to be seen. The house also possibly provided hints for *Westgate House* in Pickwick. Opposite stand the old houses in which Dickens placed both Pumblechook and Sapsea. Here in this appropriate setting, Rochester Corporation will care for the Châlet, and Dickensians will be able to visit it.

The move will mean the provision of considerable funds. The Châlet has to be dismantled, transported, repaired, provided with proper foundations, and re-erected. A thousand pounds is the estimated cost, and the Dickens Fellowship has promised Rochester Corporation that it will do its best to assist in the raising of this sum. Will you help? Please send your contributions to the Hon. Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, The Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, W.C.1. It is hoped that branches will organise functions to support the Fund. L.C.S.



Dickens speaking at the Adelphi Theatre, 13th March, 1856

From the *Illustrated London News*

THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES DICKENS[1]

by MARGARET LANE

Reading the speeches of Dickens can never be dull; there is too much life still stirring under the public-dinner verbiage. Presented in Mr. K. J. Fielding's admirable new edition[1], which makes a heroic attempt at accuracy and sets them in an illuminating framework, they open windows both on his genius and his age.

Nothing as a rule is less rewarding than an after-dinner speech, and those stupefying perorations which followed Victorian banquets as the night the day, "such speeches. . . as any moderately intelligent dustman would have blushed through his cindery bloom to have thought of", were exemplars of pomposity which would hardly be tolerated today. Dickens spoke at scores of charitable banquets, flashing across their boredom like a meteor. He became the most fascinating public speaker of his day, so much in demand that he could have spent half his life in preparing and delivering speeches. This carefully prepared collection shows us why.

He was, of course, magnificently equipped for the job. His presence inspired confidence; it conveyed (I quote Sir Arthur Helps) "the idea of courage and honesty". His voice, in an age without microphones, carried without effort to the ends of the most cavernous hall. He spoke without notes, developing his subject with a flow of apt phrases, humour and invention which sprang straight from the fertile source of a full mind. That part of him which was not a writer was an actor, and his actor's instinct kept him free of oratory and histrionics, knowing that what an audience responds to is the illusion of heartfelt communication between man and man.

[1] *The Speeches of Charles Dickens.* Edited by K. J. Fielding. (Oxford Univerity Press, 50s.)

There is much in the early speeches that is prosy and conventional, but as they progress it is wonderful to see how he casts off the tedious hypocrisies of the time and sets himself to amuse, surprise and captivate his audience, To be the mouthpiece of so many charitable appeals was a burden which he undertook often with mixed feelings. Having a captive audience under his hand was something he enjoyed, but it was the humanist and reformer in him which drove him to give his time to so many causes, as it drove him to work prodigiously and anonymously for the philanthropic schemes of Miss Burdett Coutts. Educational and sanitary reform, the relief of poverty not as a charity but as a due, the proper care of the sick, the nation's responsibility for its children, the protection of all kinds of artists from destitution, international copyright, and the raising of the public status of literature—these were the causes for which he tirelessly campaigned. He had fought some of these battles in his novels, but more obliquely, using them as material for his art; in his speeches we see the direct approach, hear the argument, catch the authentic tone of indignation or appeal and learn something of the effect of Dickens's own voice, speaking to a crowded room and more as a man than as a writer.

To present his speeches with any hope of accuracy has been difficult. Contemporary newspaper accounts differ widely, and though Dickens sometimes wrote out his speeches afterwards, or corrected a reporter's version, this was rare. Mr. Fielding has been at great pains to compare all the variants of numerous accounts and to supplement meagre versions with illuminating notes. He has given the printed or written sources of every known speech, and has added a preface on *Dickens as a Speaker* which gives as full an impression as we can hope to have of his impact on an audience. Wherever he found them, the (Laughter), (Cheers), (Prolonged Applause) so dear to the Victorian reporter have been left in and this contributes a small but valuable illusion, like recorded laughter in a radio programme. Some of the speeches are extremely funny in Dickens's best vein, but in print, since this was spoken and was not written humour, its charm would lose something if it were not punctuated with these cheerful noises.

So much pleasure and interest is to be found in this collection of speeches that one is left wondering why a responsible edition has not been attempted before. Hotten's, the first, undertaken during the last months of Dickens's life (and threatened with an injunction when he heard of it) is dull, inaccurate and scarce; The Nonesuch, which appeared in 1938 and is slightly fuller, is almost impossible to find. The present edition honourably fills a gap in the Dickens canon, and deserves high praise.

THE ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE

A history of this old theatre, with considerable Dickensian associations, by Mr. Malcolm Morley is to be published shortly by the St. Marylebone Society.

DICKENS'S CONTRIBUTION, THEN AND NOW

by D. H. Stewart

(An address presented to the Dickens Fellowship, Edmonton, Alberta, Feb., 6, 1960).

ON this occasion it does not seem to me appropriate to talk about the criticism of Dickens or the numerous devices that specialists have discovered for reading him. I, for one, am a little puzzled by Dickens criticism. It asks me to see Dickens as an historian of his age, a great social reformer, a Victorian moralist, a humorist, a symbolist, or an exquisite artist. Various critics have convincingly made him one or several of these things, but few now speak of him simply as a teller of wonderful and edifying tales. Moreover, I am dismayed by the current fashion of reading *about* books, about Dickens's books in particular, rather than the books themselves.

When we read Dickens today with the advantage (or perhaps the disadvantage) of so much hindsight, so much criticism, we are very likely confused rather than enlightened. In some ways, it is better to approach Dickens, not along the twisting prefabricated roads of the critics, but directly and simply. We may stumble occasionally over an obscure meaning, but stumbling we learn to read Dickens ourselves and, more important, we remain in the direct sunlight of his genius rather than on the shadowy paths of criticism.

I say this because, as a teacher, I am more interested in the young readers of Dickens than the old ones—who are, after all, already convinced habitués and can't be put off by mistaken criticism.

It is important for readers to start young with Dickens, because he makes his strongest appeal to the young and innocent person's instinctive sense of decency and justice. If we miss Dickens when we are young and come to him first in our twenties or thirties (probably the most worldly and cynical decades in a person's life), then we may reject him out of hand as a sentimentalist, a maudlin tear-jerker. When this happens, we may retain a permanent grudge against him. If, on the other hand, we are fortunate enough to have an early and delightful meeting, then our impressionable minds will retain a warm and lasting affection for Sam Weller, the Dombeys, David Copperfield, Pip and all the rest of them. In this way we will very likely return to Dickens, once we have passed through the hectic middle years of life, calm, objective and more mature, to find not only that through Dickens we can briefly recapture the joys and enthusiasms of youth but that in Dickens we can find proper food for adult thought and moral meditation. I sometimes look forward to the day when, having passed the age of sixty-five (which our strange world seems determined to use as a kind of barrier between youth and age); I look forward to retirement and the leisure to return to Dickens, for I suspect he will not fail to provide vital experience—and I take the presence here of several hearty souls beyond the barrier of sixty-five as a gratifying assurance that Dickens does not fail.

But what is it, specifically, that one looks forward to? And

more important, what is it that those of us who are, so to speak, initiated Dickensians, can tell young readers to induce them to forsake both the trashy, ill-written best-sellers of the moment and the TV sets—with rare exceptions, the insufferable opium-pipes of young minds? How can they be challenged to get on with the happy labour of reading Dickens—and, to be sure, other classic writers as well.

I think of the novel as the great civilising instrument of the past two hundred years. With the rise to power in the eighteenth century of the middle class in England, the novel gradually supplanted both poetry (which in its most polished forms tended to be aristocratic) and drama (which in those days had a shady reputation, especially among our Protestant forefathers). It was the novel, together perhaps with Addison's *Spectator* and Sam Johnson's *Rambler*, which slowly seeped and filtered all across England—and in time, all across North America, educating first the young governesses and young ladies, then their mothers, and last, by a process of osmosis, I suppose, their hard-headed fathers who were too busy buying and selling to read books themselves. What these novels brought, by and large, was grace, good manners and a broader view of society; they brought them into the very homes of squires still living a barbarous medieval life and of merchants whose private behaviour sometimes differed very little from that of the illiterate peasantry.

In short, the novel was performing its democratic function, spreading culture in broader and broader social circles. In its own small way, it deserves some of the credit for the glorious social and cultural explosion in England which we refer to today as the Romantic Movement.

But the task was far from complete. No sooner was the pressure of Napoleonic France relieved, than a new democratic upsurge began in England, aimed at the emancipation and enfranchisement of a new social stratum. A new public appeared on the scene demanding power and needing education if it was to handle the power it gained.

It was to this new audience that Dickens addressed himself and, more important, that he helped educate and civilize. He saw the challenge and rose to it. Perhaps because of his own background, his own childhood, and certainly because of his inherent human sympathy, he recognised the misery of ignorance and did what he he could to alleviate it—did more, in fact, than any Victorian novelist.

We must not under-estimate Dickens's task here. We must remember that this new audience included not just "finished" English citizens but the oppressed labourers, the charwomen, the orphan children born without hope. He had not only to teach these poor souls to hope, but to teach the smug, secure people who had won a place in the world to assist the less fortunate.

One of the things I watch for in Dickens, and one thing I invite young readers to watch is his method of engagement with this new audience. It was this method which permitted him to accomplish so much. Our writers today rarely see the problem as Dickens did and few of them really try to solve it. Today's writers who con-

scientiously write for the "mass reader" usually prostitute their art and exploit the basest instincts of the popular market. On the other hand, our sincere artists often feel obliged to spurn the public and write for an exclusive inner sanctum of sophisticates.

Dickens held to a middle ground. He did make concessions to public taste, yet he never wrote "down" to his readers. Even more instructive is the fact that he did compete with the hack writers; but he also instructed and elevated his readers. Indeed, no English novelist has ever administered so many bitter educational pills, yet administered them so deftly and with such seductive sugar coating that the audience never lost its healthy smile.

This is an art which our writers today might imitate with profit. And surely it is valuable for the young reader today to witness in Dickens that indispensable harmony and balance which with few exceptions permitted him to observe his fellow men without naive sentimentality on the one hand and without arrogant contempt on the other.

Now if the Nonconformist minister was right in the 1840's when he said: "There have been at work among us three great social agencies: the London City Mission; the novels of Mr. Dickens; the cholera;" in other words, if it is true that Dickens did help civilise an insurgent generation in England; then two questions remain: first what was Dickens's Method, the magic key which unlocked to many possibilities? And second, what are we to think today of Dickens's civilising influence?—we who like to believe we are supremely enlightened (or supremely disenchanted) and therefore far too clever to learn anything from any stodgy old Victorian!

Let me answer these questions one at a time. The first thing we remember about Dickens's method is the phrase which Wilkie Collins immortalised after learning it from his master and friend: "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait." But this, while perhaps shrewd, is rather superficial.

As several students of Dickens have pointed out, in the history of the development of novel technique, Dickens made three major contributions. First, he rejected the long-standing tradition of direct author-analysis of characters and substituted dialogue as the revealing medium, thus allowing characters to reveal themselves. He once told a young writer to stop being his characters' exponent: "What you do *for* them, they ought to do for themselves." This quality in Dickens's books of people doing for themselves is what provides such a strong illusion of reality and drama.

In the second place Dickens almost invariably sought the extraordinary in the commonplace so that no matter how drab and bleak the environment or situation was that he described, he could always discover some bright moment of excitement which makes the whole scene sparkle. For example, in *Great Expectations*, the dreary small-town atmosphere is briefly transformed when Trabb's boy goes through his outlandish imitation of Pip.

Finally, it was Dickens who made humour central to the action of the novel rather than a mere sidelight as it had been previously in, say, Smollett. And of course, he made this humour rise out of

the characters' personalities and dialogue, thus dramatising it. I often think that Dickens brought comedy so prominently into the novel because he felt a commendable obligation to his readers, most of whose lives were, Heaven knows, drab enough, to supply them with a little laughter and thus to lighten the burden of existence for them.

To some extent, Dickens and Thackeray both saw themselves as puppet masters; that is, as men whose very profession imposed upon them the duty to make life not only better, but happier.

Now if these qualities in Dickens's work—the dramatic affinity, the importance of things extraordinary, and the prominence of humour—were his major achievements in his own time, what are we to think of them today? It is easy to see how they collaborated in Dickens's attempt to educate his own generation, for they made his message all the more attractive. But today a different situation prevails in literature and in the public taste.

Let me compare Dickens with a few current authors who seem to confront similar problems. I could, for example, invite you to consider a whole series of books in which children play prominent rôles: Salinger's *Catcher In the Rye*, Nabokov's *Lolita* and Golding's *Lord of the Flies*. Since many of you may not have read these little volumes, suffice it to say that in them children are presented not just as bad boys like Steerforth, but as nasty, wicked, perverted or instinctively barbarous creatures used by the authors as vehicles to convey their own personal sense of digust with humanity. If men are bad, they are bad because they are not far removed from the juvenile savage—this at least seems to be the moral. These authors have retained Dickens's technical innovation of dramatising character through dialogue, but instead of brightening commonplace life with extraordinary things, they abandon the commonplace altogether. They substitute not just the extraordinary but the most lurid and exceptional things imaginable, as if they were normal. Moreover, in these authors, good humour has turned into a cynical smirk or an off-colour joke.

But let us ignore these bizarre sensationalists and consider the group of young Englishmen who are trying more obviously to do for society today what Dickens did over a hundred years ago. I mean the so-called Angry Young Men. When you read these writers, John Wain, Kingsley Amis, John Osbourne, and others, you realise that what they are often doing is re-writing *Great Expectations*, in a modern setting. That is, they take a young man who feels isolated and alienated from society just as Dickens elected to write about a boy without community status or inherited right, who had desires and expectations, not possessions.

But here the resemblance ends, for in Dickens the young man, after taking on false identities because he is ignorant and after being wrongly manipulated or moulded by other people; after this, the young man learns that he can discover his true identity only through love. In other words, he must abandon the selfish scramble for material things and the egotistical notion of superiority, and then lose himself in the service of others. With the Angry Young Men, however, the hero places such a high value on his own precious little ego that he fails at self-discovery, not only because

he declines to fuse his life with others' through love but because he declines to participate wholly in commonplace reality at all. One important part of his inner being remains detached, uncommitted. He won't even risk a false identity. He won't, in short, come outside himself long enough to make youth's inevitable errors, which are necessary to maturity; at least the errors he makes involve only his body or his "public personality," and his hidden, sacred inner being can abjure responsibility. Thus he remains a full grown adolescent sitting, as it were, in a box grumbling to himself and making snide remarks about those who at least try to make the best of life. He hurts others without being harmed himself—and ends by reminding one of Iago who believed that his mind could avoid contamination from his evil deeds.

What these writers have forgotten, I think, and what they might profitably learn from Dickens is his steadfast attention to reality—brightened to be sure, and rendered delightful by his frequent introduction of things both extraordinary and humourous. He never took himself so seriously as to imagine that he could injure others without injuring himself too. In his best works, reality hunts its victims down, flushes them out of their private corners, and makes them stand judgment.

We misunderstand Dickens when we over-emphasise the fantastic or comic element in his work. Certainly it is there. But it is only the frosting on the cake. Too many modern readers are like too many modern writers: they want all frosting and no cake. Thus while it is a good thing to see the extraordinary in the commonplace and the humour in the seriousness, I think it is more important to see these things as Dickens saw them. For him they were the pleasant topping to the real substance beneath. And the real substance, Dickens's earnest educational message based on love of and service to humanity remains meaningful in these days when, especially among young people, there is perhaps too much interest in self and too much emphasis on taking all the material things one can from life without feeling morally obligated to give something in return.

What I look for, then, from Dickens are, of course, the extraordinary or astonishing things he finds in the commonplace and also the pure fun; but more than this, his underlying but ever-present admonition to reject selfishness in the name of contributing to the world outside. This is the happy, and above all the sane road to the future.

I think Branches of the Dickens Fellowship around the world are held together first by Dickens's healthy wit and jovial humour; but they fulfil their mission (and his mission too) by their dedication to the principle of service to humanity.

FRIENDS OF *THE DICKENSIAN*

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THE THEATRICAL TERNANS

Part VIII

By Malcolm Morley

AFTER their marriage in Paris, Fanny and Tom Trollope set off for Chartres on their honeymoon. Fanny's mother, Mrs. Ternan, who had been present at the ceremony, returned to England where she was living at Slough with her youngest daughter Ellen. Maria, the other daughter, went from Paris to Florence; there to await the arrival of the bride and bridegroom at the Villa Ricorboli. Bice, aged fourteen, was also waiting to greet her father Tom—and her stepmother, Fanny.

Charles Dickens and Tom Trollope were friends of long standing Each was greatly esteemed by the other. Tom recorded of Dickens; "Of the general charm of his manner I despair of giving any idea to those who have not seen or known him. He warmed the social atmosphere wherever he appeared with that summer glow which seemed to attend him. His laugh was brimful of enjoyment."

To the newly wedded Trollope, Dickens wrote on Nov. 2nd, 1866:—" I should have written immediately to congratulate you on your then approaching marriage, and to assure you of my most cordial and affectionate interest in all that nearly concerns you, had I known how best to address you. No friend that you have can be more truly attached to you than I am. I congratulate you with all my heart, and believe that your marriage will stand high upon your list of happy ones. As to your wife's winning a high reputation out of your house—if you care for that; it is not much as an addition to the delights of love and peace and a suitable companion for life—I have not the least doubt of her power to make herself famous. I little thought what an important master of the Ceremonies I was when I first gave your present wife an introduction to your mother. Bear me in mind then as an unconscious instrument of your having given your best affection to a worthy object, and I shall be the best paid master of the ceremonies since Nash drove his coach and six through the streets of Bath."

Dated letters are helpful in tracing events and in establishing facts concerning not only the writer but the person to whom the letter is addressed and about those of whom he wrote. When the writer carelessly puts a wrong date, confusion is likely to follow for anyone afterwards attempting to arrange a chronological sequence of happenings. Dickens, generally meticulous in dating his correspondence, must surely have misdated a letter written to Mrs. Frances Elliott, an actress friend of Ellen who had played Nurse Esther in " The Frozen Deep " when the play was given at the Gallery of Illustration in London. The letter penned from Gad's Hill bears the date Thursday, July 4th, 1866. In it Dickens writes:—" Of course you will be very strictly on your guard, if you see Tom Trollope, or his wife, or both—to make no reference to me which either can piece into anything. She is infinitely sharper than the serpent's tooth. Mind that."

To whom did Dickens refer in his mention of the wife of Tom Trollope? There was no Mrs. Tom Trollope on July 4th, 1866. Trollope's first wife had died some years earlier: he was a widower and not yet engaged to Fanny Ternan. It is fairly obvious that Dickens made a mistake in the year which should have been 1867 and not 1866. He was nursing a grievance against Fanny, the Mrs. Tom Trollope of 1867. What had she done? And why was she sharper than the serpent's tooth? Her niece, Gladys Reece, speaking of her aunt, has emphatically stated that Mrs. Tom Trollope was very critical but not ever spitefully sharp.

At the time of the letter to Mrs. Elliott, granting the year to have been 1867, Fanny's second novel "Mabel's Progress" was being serialised in *All the Year Round* where it ran from April 6th to November 20th of that year. It was published in book form by Chapman and Hall immediately afterwards. The progress of Mabel in the story tells how she gave up the dreary drudgery of teaching the piano to become an actress and reach stardom in the West End. Stereotyped and sentimental, the plot is relieved by lively and entertaining scenes of theatrical life in Dublin where Fanny herself had acted in the past. The novel vigorously defends the stage from the prejudices and ignorant accusations levelled against it by the society of those days.

Fanny was happy in her new life. She adored her husband and in her he found a mate whom he both loved and admired. In their Villa outside the walls of Florence they studied and worked. Tom always had some literary task at hand and Fanny was ever busy putting on paper invented stories coloured by her own observations of life. Though quick to notice the foibles of her fellow beings, she was ever tolerant of their weaknesses. Her character studies are good-natured and sympathetic to a degree. "The Sacristan's Household" appeared monthly in the *St. Paul's Magazine*, of which Anthony Trollope was editor, from June 1868 to June 1869; and "Veronica" ran in *All the Year Round* from August 7th, 1869, to April 30th, 1870. The first, heavily Teutonic, reflected the spirit of a war-minded Germany. The second, in telling the adventures of the wayward Veronica, gave glowing descriptions of the Italian landscape, Florence in particular. As customary the serialisation was a preliminary to the tales being issued as books. Financial rewards were reaching Fanny through her industry.

Tom and Fanny, despite their desk activities, found time to travel, an enjoyable relaxation they shared in common. They visited cultural centres and beauty spots in Europe, always vividly alive to their surroundings. Tom had never lost his interest in Spiritualism and, wheresoever the place he and Fanny happened to be, sought to attend meetings where mediums, professional and otherwise, claimed to communicate with the spirit world. Not that Tom was convinced by the experiments he watched. At the most he was only partly credulous of mediumistic powers enabling an individual to communicate with departed souls. He had been present at séances where Daniel Home had professed to receive psychic messages and had written to Dickens asking his opinion of this person so celebrated in Spiritualistic circles. Dickens had

replied that Home was an imposter whom he had prevented from coming out as an actor with Fechter. Though wanting to believe that one could penetrate the veil between life and death, Trollope became less and less impressed with what he witnessed at the séances attended by him and his wife. Fanny regarded Home largely as a charlatan, yet had a feeling that he possessed a certain sensitivity unknown to the average man. In her novel *Black Spirits and White* she drew, in the character of Dr. Flagg, a picture of Home, the Medium; a kindly picture but one discrediting the full force of his vaunted gifts. The same novel has some amusing scenes in a boarding house used for the greater part by artists and people connected with the theatre. Some of the characters in this house are counterparts of those she had met during her years on the stage.

To return to the other Ternans. Maria and her husband kept up the pretence of being a united couple for some years but, William Taylor having proved himself an errant spouse, Maria devoted herself almost entirely to her new vocation of painter. Unsettled by a marriage which later was to break up completely, she visited here and there, keeping Oxford as headquarters. Her father-in-law, John Taylor, retired from business, had moved to East View, Banbury Road and for a time she seems to have stayed there with him. After his death Maria remained in the Banbury Road house making it her home for a lengthy period. Oxford is some thirty miles from Slough where in 1866 her mother and sister were domiciled. The journey by train was less than two hours and one may take it for granted that Maria was often at Slough with Mrs. Ternan and Ellen.

The neighbourhood of Slough and nearby Windsor was reasonably familiar to the Ternans. Twelve years earlier Mrs. Ternan had acted in a command performance of *Henry V* at Windsor Castle where she had played Isabella of France to the Henry of Samuel Phelps. Later Maria had been engaged as a professional actress to assist in the dramatics given by a group of amateurs called the Windsor Strollers, the performances taking place at the Theatre Royal in the town. One of the best known of the amateurs, the guiding force of the group, was John Palgrave Simpson, the dramatist. It was Simpson who had adapted *The Master of Ravenswood* for Charles Fechter which was first produced at the Lyceum Theatre in December 1865. Dickens had helped with his version of Scott's *The Bride of Lammermoor* and Mrs. Ternan had acted in the play throughout the run. Dickens, Simpson and Mrs. Ternan must have been in close contact with one another for weeks, in and about the Lyceum, during rehearsals and performances. Probably Dickens suggested to Simpson that the Strollers produce *The Lighthouse* of Wilkie Collins, the play that Dickens, himself, had originally staged at his own private theatre in Tavistock House. Another suggestion he might have made was that Simpson enact Aaron Gurnock, the character Dickens had created at the "smallest theatre in the world" as he described the playhouse part of Tavistock House. Dickens was staying in town when the Windsor Strollers gave *The Lighthouse* on November 27th, 1866. The occasion would

have had a great interest for him and it is not unlikely that he went down to see the performance and that Mrs. Ternan or Ellen, or both, were with him at the Theatre Royal. Windsor is only two miles from Slough.

An addition to the Ternan ménage at Slough was Jane Wheeler, a young woman whose family lived in the village. As maid and companion she was to give service and devotion to her employers, returning time after time to the fold. Jane's particular favourite was Ellen whose fortunes she followed through thick and thin, like the dogged family retainer of old time melo-drama.

From January until May, 1867, Dickens was giving his Public Readings throughout the country, going from one town to another, journeying backwards and forwards—to Gad's Hill, to his office in London at 26 Wellington Street and to Slough, A pocket diary belonging to him and, either discarded or lost in the fire that occurred in the hotel where he was staying in New York later in the year, is now in the Berg Collection. The entries are sketchy, mostly cryptic letters of abbreviations. It was not until Mr. Felix Aylmer, a keen Dickensian, examined the book that these hieroglyphics were deciphered. From his clever deductions the dates of Dickens's visits to Slough were determined. Tired from the Readings and incessant travelling the novelist had a retreat in this country village away from the stress of the office and the stream of callers at Gad's Hill. For him it afforded snatched moments of rest, free from the noise and fanfare of fame.

The series of Readings ended, Dickens was back at Gad's Hill and still visiting Slough. As the diary tells, he spent some days in lodgings at Peckham to which London suburb the Ternans were removing. He went with them to look over houses and give advice on the choice of a residence. And he probably helped financially. Dickens was a rich man, a great friend, and now that Mrs. Ternan and Ellen had given up the theatre their sources of income must have been curtailed. A mysterious Charles Tringham paid the rates at 16 Linden Grove, Nunhead, where they came to live in June. Beginning with Thomas Wright, biographers of Dickens, each copying the one before, have stated with firm assurance that Dickens himself was Charles Tringham. It has been a merry game of "Follow my Leader". There is no proof of Dickens being Tringham or of him having ever used the name. Constant repetition does not constitute proof. There is an equal lack of proof that Charles Tringham was not some-kind of agent or landlord or caretaker. Indulging in wild theory, as many have done, this Tringham might have been a friend of Jane Wheeler; she, too, was at Linden Grove at the time. Or he might have been a relation-in-law to the Mrs. Tringham whose son Frances Charles Tringham was born that year in the Westminster Lying-In Hospital. Speculation runs amuck!

Negotations were in the air for a new series of Readings by Dickens. They were to be given in the United States at the end of 1867 and extend to the New Year. But Dickens was suffering in health and W. H. Wills, his right hand as editor of *All the Year Round*, had misgivings about him going. The novelist made light of these, saying he was stronger than he was when he went to

America twenty-five years before. All was settled. His henchman Dolby was sent ahead to survey the field and Dickens sailed for Boston aboard the *Cuba* on November 9th to be absent for six months. Tom and Fanny Trollope were in England at the time Dickens left. They were making a first trip to their native country since their marriage. Ellen was invited for a long stay at Ricorboli and had the opportunity of travelling back with them to Italy.

The American tour was a triumph for Dickens. His remarkable vitality carried him through the ordeal, an ordeal that had at times completely exhausted him. How glad he was to be returning home. Before his boat, the *Russia,* had left the shore line of Boston on April 20th, none other than Anthony Trollope came aboard in the mail tender. He, too, was visiting the United States and had arrived at a later date than Dickens. Like him, Anthony was a public figure, a celebrity guest. The two great novelists had just time to shake hands and exchange the briefest news items. There was little opportunity for Dickens to put all the questions in his mind regarding kith and kin in the old country.

Dickens was happy to be at Gad's Hill. Home. His home, where he said he felt the peace of the country beyond all expression. Rest would have done him good but there was six months arrears of correspondence and work to which he must attend. In addition the business and money details connected with *All the Year Round* had devolved on him, Wills being hors de combat, having met with an accident.

No Thoroughfare, the play in which Wilkie Collins had collaborated with Dickens, was running at the Adelphi with Fechter in the leading rôle. Dickens had been in America when it was produced in London; now he was able to see it in performance and contribute constructive criticism on the acting and staging. As *L'Abîme,* a French version of the play, was to be given at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris. Fechter who had left the cast at the Adelphi, went over to supervise the production. Dickens crossed the Channel and joined him for the final rehearsals. What they saw at the last of these depressed them to such an extent that both felt afraid to attend the first night on June 2nd. Instead, the two sat in a café near the theatre, waiting to hear from the departing audience how the drama had been received. On the second night they witnessed the performance and found material enough in the acting to give amusing descriptions and imitations when they returned to England. Snippets of *L'Abîme* in the French manner were enacted by them for the edification and delight of the Adelphi actors and of visitors to Gad's Hill.

One of the visitors to Dickens's country home was Ellen Ternan whom Georgina and Mamie always welcomed. Most Englishmen find pleasure in cricket and the novelist was no exception. His foot had lately been giving him considerable trouble and now he could not participate actively in the sport. Matches were sometimes spontaneously arranged by those assembled at Gad's Hill. When Ellen attempted to play, she could not carry her bat and had to admit she was no good at the game. Perhaps she and Dickens sat and watched the others.

Despite his health Dickens began another series of Public

Readings in October 1868 which, with a short break at Christmas, were continued until the following April. The strain of going to all parts of England, Ireland and Scotland, proved too much for him. At Preston he collapsed and had literally to be escorted back to his beloved Gad's Hill. Dickens was not the man to give in readily. Doing nothing was anathema to him. In May he was in London at the St. James's Hotel with Georgina and Mamie. Back in Kent he entertained numerous friends from overseas during the summer and planned for yet a further number of Readings. He deliberated upon the complexities in the plot of a new novel soon to engage his pen. This was *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Having rented 5 Hyde Park Place, Dickens was in town again from January to May of 1870 for his Readings at St. James's Hall. Many of his days were spent at the office in Wellington Street: *All the Year Round* needed his attention. The last public appearance of Dickens was at the Royal Academy Dinner in May when in a speech he paid tribute to his artist friend Daniel Maclise who had died the month before.

At Gad's Hill, far from the hurly-burly of the Metropolis, Dickens settled down to the writing of *Edwin Drood*. He was noticeably a sick man; overwork had lessened resistance to the ills that crowded upon him. He was at work on the sixth of the twelve serial numbers that were to complete the novel, when he suffered a severe stroke. The end was in evidence. For two days he lay in a state of coma; then on June 9th, 1870, he ceased to be. Present at the death of Dickens were the people whom Georgina had hurriedly summoned; his sons Charles and Henry, his sister Letitia, his old friend Frank Beard and his more recent friend Ellen Ternan.

The death was a great shock to Ellen. She had stood by, watching with the others, as life had slowly faded from Dickens. The vigil had been long and painful. Weary and exhausted she gave no heed to her surroundings. Grief ruled all else. It was felt a change would help to cheer her and restore some of the smiles to her cheeks. Ellen was naturally a smiling person. When a friend of the family, Mrs. Booth, a music critic in Paris, correspondent for a London paper, suggested that Ellen should visit her, she was urged by those at home to do so. It would be something of a distraction and whilst she was away it could be arranged for Mrs. Ternan go to live with Maria at Oxford. Ellen set off, the loyal Jane Wheeler accompanying her as companion. Mrs. Booth sought for something that would, perhaps, interest Ellen and lessen the burden of her grief. She took her about, to Concerts, to Meetings and Receptions but Ellen was only politely responsive. There happened to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Booth in Paris at the time, a widow who had only lately lost her husband. Thinking she and Ellen might find some consolation in each other's company, Mrs. Booth introduced them. The widow, Mrs. Brown, and Ellen were instinctively attracted to one another. That introduction was the beginning of a life-long friendship.

Excitement ruled in Paris: demonstrations, gatherings, shoutings, troops marching. France and Germany were soon to be in deathly struggle. Only a few days after the arrival of Ellen and

Jane, war was declared between the two countries. A few weeks and a German army was advancing on the City. Mrs. Brown saw the necessity of leaving before escape was impossible and put herself in charge of the little group of English women. With only a few hours to spare the party managed to get away before the invaders laid siege to Paris. London was reached and here Ellen

Mrs. Ternan, shortly before her death

From a water colour by her daughter Maria

became the guest of Mrs. Brown, first at Notting Hill and then at 5 Bina Gardens in Kensington.

Jane Wheeler, without employment on returning from France, went into service with Lady Needham at Datchet whom she left the next year to marry a carpenter named Brown. She was the second Mrs. Brown to loom large in the future of Ellen. Jane and her husband later went to Southsea where William Ternan had gone with his family, members of which were William Jr., Kathleen and Mary. Shipping interests had brought William Sr., a barge owner of importance, to Southsea from Rochester. It was at Rochester that his niece Ellen had been born.

Back in England Ellen was glad to find her mother comfortably installed in Oxford with Maria at "The Lawn," as the house in Banbury Road was now called. Here Mrs. Ternan spent the last years of her life, dying on October 30th, 1873, at the age of seventy. A near-great actress, during her long stage career she had played leading rôles with the most famous actors of her time; Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, Charles Kean, William Macready, G. V. Brooke, Samuel Phelps and Charles Fechter. The charm, so distinctly hers, had endured from youth to maturity and age.

Captain George Wharton Robinson

Copyright photograph

Ellen, contributing to the weekly expenses at Bina Gardens, gravitated between there and Oxford. Teaching occupied a lot of her time and in this she found an ever increasing interest. She travelled considerably, linking up with Fanny in Italy and, war being over, going to France and Germany. A homing instinct would bring her back to the Banbury Road and Maria. One day a visitor, calling on her sister, brought a serious-looking young man to "The Lawn." The young man, an undergraduate at Queen's College, studying for the Church, talked of himself and of his contradictory aims in life; one was to enter the Church, the other to be a Schoolmaster. Ellen listened and shared in his hesitations. The serious young man, George Wharton Robinson, called again and was more serious than ever. What should he do? The pros and cons were discussed. He really thought he ought to be a clergyman. After all it was the wish of his mother Mrs. Robinson in Cliburn near Penrith. And so the matter was left. A year or so later when Ellen was staying at Bina Gardens, Robinson was made curate at St. Ann's Church in Soho. They met again and again. He proposed to her, probably in Victorian fashion on bended knee. She said she would marry him provided he gave up the idea of being a full blown clergyman Ellen knew his real choice was to be a schoolmaster. She told him that one day he would have his own establishment and that she would help by teaching French in which she was fluent and, maybe, German with which she was only less familiar. Her arguments prevailed. His choice was made, one he never regretted. On January 31st, 1876, George Wharton Robinson and Ellen Lawless Ternan were married at St. Mary Abbots in Kensington, London.

THE SIGNALMAN'S STORY

Had Dickens any particular tunnel in mind?

A note by the late T. S. Lascelles

THIS tale of course may be just a tale and an invention on Dickens's part, using different localities he knew, without any specific one being held in mind. In that case identifications cannot be effected. The description of the location will not at all fit Higham tunnel near Gad's Hill. That is quite plain, as at each end you are near a station and the tunnel mouth is accessible from there. There is no very deep cutting at Higham. As regards Kilsby, I have not been close to that tunnel at either end, although I have been through it, but again I do not think there are very deep cuttings there. The principal key to the matter—unless again this is mere invention for the purposes of a tale—is the reference to an accident when dead and injured were being brought *through* the tunnel. Nobody would carry anyone all the way through a long tunnel from an accident outside it, as it would be absurd to do so; they would take them away from it; so an accident IN the tunnel is meant. I hardly think that an accident to workmen during the making of it can be meant; for one thing there would at that time be no line or signal-box there as meant in the tale; in fact such things as signal-boxes did not exist at the time Kilsby tunnel was being built, nor was an electric telegraph known then. Such a thing did not exist until 1837 and then only as a trial at Euston-Camden, in which year the London-Birmingham line was opened. I think this accident—if again a real accident was in Dickens's mind at all—was clearly a train accident in a tunnel in which passengers were hurt. I can find no such accident at all until 1861—the ghost story is dated 1866—when the serious collision involving excursion trains occurred in the Clayton tunnel, under the South Downs, near Hassocks, on the London-Brighton line. This was due to a misunderstanding on the telegraph, combined with other things, between the signalmen at each end of the tunnel; 23 passengers were killed. Two excursion trains were involved: the date was August 25th. These unfortunate people were brought out from the tunnel past the signal-box at the south end, the location etc. of which was in fact very like the the description in the Ghost tale. There is a deep cutting there and long pathway down to where the signalbox was in 1861. There has not been one there for many years now. Dickens may have in walking about the neighbourhood, come across this cutting and location and of course would know about the accident, which created a great stir. This was the first accident in the United Kingdom in which the fatalities to passengers had been 20 or over. Before that there had only been four in which the fatalities exceeded 10.

If Dickens did mean an actual place in which passengers were killed in an accident *IN* a tunnel the only such accident up to 1866 was Clayton tunnel. I think that he probably mixed up various localities for the purpose of a tale, which would be quite natural, and did not bother about historical accuracy; but he was thinking of *some* tunnel accident, and in 1866 the Clayton one was well in people's minds.

DICKENS AS EDITOR: SOME UNCOLLECTED FRAGMENTS

P. A. W. Collins

MANY of Dickens's letters to W. H. Wills, the sub-editor of *Household Words* and *All The Year Round*, and to contributors to those journals show him rejecting or amending articles which conflicted with the policies he had laid down on various social questions and the like. He naturally felt responsible for all opinions expressed in his journals, as all contributions were anonymous (with the exception of some major serial stories, and a few other items such as his *Uncommercial Traveller* essays). Moreover, he was impatient with opinions that ran counter to those which he himself held so strongly. Sometimes he silently added qualifying phrases or paragraphs to articles by other writers; it is sometimes possible to spot these, with reasonable certainty, when his letters, or the attribution in the *Household Words* Contributors' Book, record this kind of joint authorship of Dickens and another. Two examples of this were given in my recent article in *The Dickensian* on Dickens and Ragged Schools. A list of the articles which Dickens wrote for *Household Words* in such collaboration with other authors is given in *The Dickensian*, XXXV (1939), pp. 203-4. Occasionally, however, he added instead a personal footnote querying or amplifying his contributor's remark; these footnotes, signed " C.D." or presented as the words of " the Conductor of this journal," have not been reprinted in collections of his journalism, and many of them appear to have gone unnoticed by his biographers, bibliographers and commentators. They are reprinted below, in order of publication. A few other editorial statements, which do not appear in most editions of the *Miscellaneous Papers*, are also noted or reprinted.

These editorial fragments are not, of course, very important examples of Dickens's writing, though one or two of them contain interesting observations. They are reprinted here, partly because, for the Dickens-lover as well as the scholar, it is desirable that our knowledge of " The Complete Works " should really be complete; and partly because there is likely to be some significance in his deciding occasionally to intervene in this unusual way to correct or exemplify or commend his contributors' articles. I have suggested what seems to me the significance of these interventions, where I can. Other students of Dickens may well be able to see significances which have eluded me—and they may also, of course, have noted similar footnotes and suchlike which escaped my notice as I read my way through the periodicals.[1] The Editor of *The Dickensian* would, no doubt, be glad to receive any further items to add to this collection of fragments, or comments which make better sense of these reprinted here.

I. The Household Narrative

[A notice, under this title, opens the third number of *Household Words* (13/4/50, I, 49). It is credited to Dickens in the Contributors'

[1] One such has appeared in *The Dickensian* since I wrote this sentence—the footnote denying that Charley Dickens was a Spiritualist (AYR, III, 374), reprinted by Mr. Peyrouton, in the May, 1959 issue, p. 79.

Book. As is obvious from a letter to W. H. Wills, dated 12th March, 1850, this monthly *Narrative* was an afterthought in the planning of *Household Words*; less than three weeks before the latter began publication, Dickens was plainly doubtful whether Wills's idea of a monthly news supplement "was sufficiently matured . . . to admit of our beginning now." As the announcement printed below shows, he soon overcame these doubts. According to Henry Morley, who later belonged to his full-time staff, the news items for the *Household Narrative* were collected by Dickens's father-in-law George Hogarth, and the leading articles were written by John Forster.]

We take this opportunity of announcing a design, closely associated with our *Household Words*, which we have now matured, and which we hope will be acceptable to our readers.

We purpose publishing, at the end of each month as a supplementary number to the monthly part of *Household Words*, a comprehensive Abstract or History of all the occurrences of that month, native and foreign, under the title of THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The size and price of each of these numbers will be the same as the size and price of the present number of *Household Words*. Twelve numbers will necessarily be published in the course of the year—one for each month—and on the completion of the Annual Volume, a copious Index will appear, and a title-page for the volume; which will then be called THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE of such a year. It will form a complete Chronicle of all that year's events, carefully compiled, thoroughly digested, and systematically arranged for easy reference; presenting a vast mass of information that must be interesting to all, at a price that will render it accessible to the humblest purchasers of books, and at which only our existing machinery in connexion with this Work would enable us to produce it.

The first number of THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE will appear as a supplement to the first monthly part of *Household Words*, published at the end of the present month of APRIL. As the Volume for 1850 would be incomplete (in consequence of our not having commenced this publication at the beginning of a year) without a backward reference to the three months of JANUARY, FEBRUARY, and MARCH, a similar number of THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE for each of those months will be published before the year is out.

It is scarcely necessary to explain that it is not proposed to render the purchase of THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE compulsory on the purchasers of *Household Words*; and that the supplementary number, though always published at the same time as our monthly part, will therefore be detached from it, and published separately.

Nor is it necessary for us, we believe, to expatiate on our leading reasons for adding this new undertaking to our present enterprise. The intimate connexion between the facts and realities of the time, and the means by which we aim, in *Household Words*, to soften what is hard in them, to exalt what is held in little consideration, and to show the latent hope there is in what may seem unpromising, needs not to be pointed out. All that we sought

to express in our Preliminary Word, in reference to this work, applies, we think, to its proposed companion. As another humble means of enabling those who accept us for their friend, to bear the world's rough-cast events to the anvil of courageous duty, and there beat them into shape, we enter on the project, and confide in its success.

II. A Generously Untruthful Apology

[In the issue for 15th November, 1851, there had appeared an article, credited to Morley and Dickens in the Contributors' Book, entitled "A Free (and Easy) School" (IV, 169-173). This was an attack on "Queen Elizabeth's Royal Free Grammar School, Thistledown," as an example of some scandalous abuses which were all too common at the time. The school was badly conducted, and the Headmaster accepted only a few free day-boys, whom he neglected in favour of fee-paying boarders. Three weeks later, an apology was published (6/12/51, IV, 260), which was credited to Dickens and is printed below. Uninteresting in itself, it is in fact the culmination of an amusing episode, which is told in Henry Shaen Solly's *Life of Henry Morley* (1898, 196-8). Morley had visited this school, which was in or near Barnet, and had found it a perfect example of free grammar school abuses; his article contained an exact description of it, including a quotation from its prospectus, only the names being altered. The article (presumably touched up by Dickens, who had not visited the school) attracted a good deal of attention, particularly in Barnet, where the identity of the school and its master were recognised. The master turned out to be one of Dickens's old tailors. Morley recounted the dénouement to his fiancée: "Poor Mr. C. has been several times to Dickens, having been, utterly to my surprise, almost 'snuffed out by an article.' Trustees had been down upon him, and parents were writing to remove their sons. A note from Dickens, with this paragraph [the one printed below], have set him right again—as nobody could wish to do him injury. The poor fellow appealed simply for pity—said every word was true, and was, said Dickens, 'quite awe-struck at the cleverness of the young man.' . . . Dickens imitated him—not mockingly –but you know his talent for mimicry—and he expressed quite touchingly the poor fellow's appeal, to which, of course, he had responded generously. Well, he's all right now."]

In the paper with this title, published in No. 86 of *Household Words*, which is to be understood as a general but perfectly accurate description of real existing abuses, we find that some extracts were made from the published Prospectus of one particular School. Any of our readers who may recognise that original Prospectus, now or hereafter, will have the goodness to separate it from our description of the boys, who were as pale as maggots, and who wore unwholesome clothes; it being no part whatever of our intention to connect the two things.

III. The Lausanne Defective

[In the course of her article on recent successes in the teaching of defective children ("Three Graces of Christian Science," *HW*,

20/5/54, IX, 317-320), Harriet Martineau described the case of Edward Meystre, the deaf, dumb and blind boy who was taught to speak by Dr. Hirzel at the Lausanne Blind Asylum. Dickens adds a footnote (p. 320), printed below, about his acquaintance with this boy, who is mentioned at some length in letters to Forster (*Life*, ed. Ley, 397-9, 579). He regretted that he had not taken a cigar with him to their reunion after seven years' absence, for this might have been more effective than words in reviving the boy's memory of him.]

This youth is an old acquaintance of mine, and I presented him with the cigars he smoked—he has a great delight in smoking—for some months, when I lived at Lausanne. For a long time after I left that place, he always associated my name with a cigar. Being there, last October, after an absence of five or six years, I went to see my old friend. M. Hirzel could not then, by any means, induce him to associate me in the right manner with a cigar, though Edward was painfully anxious to understand. I left some money for him, to be expended in the old way; and I believe he has gradually smoked me back into his remembrance.—"C.D."

IV. Our Almanac

[Under this title, a notice is spread across the first page of *Household Words* for 24th November, 1855 (XII, 385). It was reprinted in *The Dickensian* (VII, 1911, 16) on the surmise that Dickens wrote it—a guess which is confirmed by the Contributors' Book. It is worth printing again, as a characteristic example of this manner of Dickens's writing. The short-lived *Almanac* was Morley's idea. "On June 21st [1855] Dickens writes to Mr. Morley: 'I think your idea of an almanac an excellent one.' The scheme was settled at a dinner at the office, and in due course Mr. Morley received a cheque for £25 for its production. A note warmly welcoming it came from Douglas Jerrold" (Solly, *Life of Morley*, 225).]

We have been at some pains to prepare an Almanac for the coming year. It is now published; and we may be allowed briefly to make known to our readers, the general nature of its contents.

It has been our endeavour, in the preparation of the Household Words Almanac, to compress within a small space the greatest possible amount of interest and information, applicable to the varying seasons of the year and of mortal life. The laws that maintain this wonderful structure, the Earth, in its appointed place among the stars, and regulate the winds and waters; the principles on which the preservation of our health and cheerfulness mainly depends; the times of the development of the several kinds of trees and flowers, and when the melody of the various sorts of birds is first awakened; we have tried to set forth in a clear and attractive manner. We have attached to the Calendar of every month, a Chronicle of Progress, enabling the reader to compare the times in which he lives, with the times of a hundred years ago. We have accumulated a number of remarkable Predictions, all falsified by the result, inculcating the wisdom of not too venturously binding down the Future. The rearing of children, the nursing of the sick, and the readiest means of doing good in

cases of sudden accident or other emergency, we have not neglected. It has been our aim to make our Almanac a serviceable friend every day in the year, and, while it is full of human interest, to associate it with every pleasant sight and sound in Nature.

Finally, in the contemplation of the beautiful harmonies by which Man is surrounded, and of the adorable beneficence by which all things are made to tend to his advantage, and conduce to his happiness, we hope we may have necessarily infused into our work, a humble spirit of veneration for the great Creator of the wonderful Universe, and of peace and good-will among mankind.

V. The Samaritan Institution

[Henry Morley had published an article, "The Predatory Art" (*HW*, XV, 241-6), accusing various thieves and swindlers, among them someone connected with a Samaritan Institution. The topical reference, and the truth or otherwise of Dickens's solemn apology published on 16th May, 1857 (XV, 475), are alike unknown to me. The Contributors' Book is again my authority for attributing it to him.]

In our number of fourteenth of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, appeared under the head of the Predatory Art, an article in which Redpath, Saward, Robson, and others were particularly animadverted on. We regret that the writer of that article included the case of the Secretary of the Samaritan Institution.

That gentleman had perused certain exparte statements against the Secretary, and had not seen a published contradiction of them on oath. Further, he was not aware that, at a large meeting presided over by the clergyman of the district (who bore testimony to the innocence of the Secretary, and who was commissioned by the Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, to do the same), the Secretary's character was declared to be exonerated from blame and even from suspicion.

VI. Personal

[The notorious signed statement under this title appeared in *Household Words* for 12th June, 1858 (XVII, 601). It was concerned of course to contradict some of the rumours which were being spread, following Dickens's separation from his wife, and was given special prominence by being printed in larger type than was normal in the magazine, in such a way as to entirely fill the front page. It is unnecessary to reprint this again, as it has been much commented upon recently, and frequently quoted and printed (e.g., in the Appendix to Dickens's letters to his wife, *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens*, ed. Walter Dexter, 1935). It is mentioned here, because it is omitted from most editions of the *Miscellaneous Papers* and suchlike collections. Arthur Waugh, for instance, reprinting Dickens's other editorial addresses, purposely omits this one, on the grounds that it "has associations so painful that it is, perhaps, most happily forgotten" (*Collected Papers*, Biographical Edition, 1905, xi). Such protectiveness has done discredit to Dickens and his admirers.]

VII. New Policy about Serial Fiction

[This item may not be by Dickens, but it is the sort of major editorial announcement that he was accustomed to writing himself instead of leaving Wills to do it. It comes at the end of the final instalment of *A Tale of Two Cities* (*AYR*, 26/11/59, II, 95). The story which following this announcement was Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White*, one of several of the serials which, having appeared under Dickens's auspices, fulfilled his hopes that they would "become a part of English Literature".]

We purpose always reserving the first place in these pages for a continuous original work of fiction, occupying about the same amount of time in its serial publication, as that which is just completed. The second story of our series we now beg to introduce to the attention of our readers. It will pass, next week, into the station hitherto occupied by *A Tale of Two Cities*. And it is our hope and aim, while we work hard at every other department of our journal, to produce, in this one, some sustained works of imagination that may become a part of English Literature.

VIII. The Bethlehem Hospital

[This paragraph (*AYR*, 21/1/60, II, 291), like the last one quoted, may not be by Dickens, but Wills was not in the habit of speaking as or for "the Conductor of these pages," and the tone is Dickensian. The article it introduces, entitled "Without a Name," is an account of the humane régime of the Bethlehem Hospital for lunatics, by a grateful former patient.]

The following communication, authenticated by the writer herself, has been addressed to the Conductor of these pages. It appears to him so remarkable and affecting, that he publishes it exactly as he received it, and without even giving it a title. The confidence voluntarily reposed in him by this correspondent, in the fulness of a grateful heart, he of course holds sacred. She lives by the exercise of an accomplishment, and is one of the large number of educated and delicate women who do so in this city.

IX. An Extraordinary Story

[On 19th September, 1861, Dickens wrote to the Rev. G. R. Gleig from the Offices of *AYR*, ". . . Mr. Heaphy's story is so very extraordinary that I have taken it for these pages, and have introduced it with a few words of explanation." (Franklin P. Rolfe, "Additions to the Nonesuch Edition of Dickens's Letters," *Huntington Library Quarterly*, V [1941], 133.) He also comments on this episode in a letter to Forster two days earlier, which Forster quotes as an example of his delight in ghost stories and his readiness to believe in them (*Life*, 841). In "Four Stories" (*AYR*, 14/9/61, V, 589-593), a contributor had recounted a queer experience of "Mr. H.," a well-known painter. Two years after meeting a young lady—who was strangely invisible to everyone else—he was asked to paint a portrait of a dead girl, from description only. It turned out to be the lady of his strange encounter, which had occurred (he now found) on the very day of her death many miles away. On reading the story, Mr. Heaphy himself wrote to Dickens, with a fuller and more accurate account of his

adventure, which was printed with a note by Dickens in *AYR* (5/10/61, VI, 36-43). A further curious fact about this "extraordinary story" was that Dickens had inserted a date in the original narrative, to increase its verisimilitude, and by coincidence had hit on precisely the day of the year on which Mr. Heaphy had encountered the ghost. See also *The Dickensian*, May, 1959, p. 82.]

There was lately published in these pages (No. 125, page 589) a paper entitled Four Stories. The first of those stories related the strange experience of "a well-known English artist, Mr. H." On the publication of that account, Mr. H. himself addressed the conductor of this Journal (to his great surprise), and forwarded to him his own narrative of the occurrences in question.

As Mr. H. wrote, without any concealment, in his own name in full, and from his own studio in London, and as there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively. And great injustice having been unconsciously done to it, in the version published as the first of the "Four Stories," it follows here exactly as received. It is, of course, published with the sanction and authority of Mr. H., and Mr. H. has himself corrected the proofs.

Entering on no theory of our own towards the explanation of any part of this remarkable narrative, we have prevailed on Mr. H. to present it without any introductory remarks whatever. It only remains to add, that no one has for a moment stood between us and Mr. H. in this matter. The whole communication is at first hand. On seeing the article, "Four Stories," Mr. H. frankly and good humouredly wrote, "I am the Mr. H., the living man, of whom mention is made; how my story has been picked up, I do not know, but it is not correctly told; I have it by me, written by myself, and here it is."

X. No Degeneration in British Physique

[In the course of an article on "Soldiers' Leisure Hours" (*AYR*, 19/4/62, VII, 125-8), a contributor writes: "There are wise and far-seeing doctors now living, who think that from some unknown cause our race is physically degenerating, and that our sons are growing up physically weaker and more nervous than ourselves" (p. 127). An asterisk here directs our attention to the following footnote.]

We do not adopt this opinion, which is, to the best of our knowledge, opposed by all Life Office experience and Annuity Calculations.—Ed.

XI. Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash"

[This novel was serialised in *AYR* from 28th March to 26th December, 1863. Its attacks on the mismanagement of lunatic asylums caused considerable controversy, and evoked protests from various interested parties. Reade reprinted some correspondence about the book from *The Daily News* and other journals, as an Appendix to the novel when it appeared in volume form under the new title *Hard Cash*. To appease Dickens and Forster

(who was a Commissioner in Lunacy), he had written an episode about a really energetic and kindly Commissioner. To this episode, Dickens appended a footnote, printed prominently in block capitals (14/11/63, X, 265)]:

THE CONDUCTOR OF THIS JOURNAL DESIRES TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING HIS PERSONAL BELIEF THAT NO PUBLIC SERVANTS DO THEIR DUTY WITH GREATER ABILITY, HUMANITY, AND INDEPENDENCE, THAN THE COMMISSIONERS IN LUNACY.

[At the end of the serial, however, Dickens still felt the need to dissocciate himself from Reade's views, so he printed a further "Note" (X, 419) even more prominently; this was a signed note in block capitals spread across two columns. Forster quotes this Note, though without identifying Reade as its subject (*Life*, 824), and the episode is discussed by, among others, Walter C. Phillips, *Dickens, Reade and Collins: Sensation Novelists* (New York, 1919, 115-6). It was, presumably, by an oversight that four years later Dickens allowed another contributor to *AYR* to write: "We all recollect the assaults made upon Mr. Charles Reade for his exposure of the madhouse institutions, and many readers are yet disposed to suspect exaggeration, when the probability is that worse horrors have been actually committed; but which, from their unfitness for a work of art, have never yet found their way into a novel of real life" (XVIII, 120).]

THE STATEMENTS AND OPINIONS OF THIS JOURNAL GENERALLY, ARE, OF COURSE, TO BE RECEIVED AS THE STATEMENTS AND OPINIONS OF ITS CONDUCTOR. BUT THIS IS NOT SO, IN THE CASE OF A WORK OF FICTION FIRST PUBLISHED IN THESE PAGES AS A SERIAL STORY, WITH THE NAME OF AN EMINENT WRITER ATTACHED TO IT. WHEN ONE OF MY LITERARY BROTHERS DOES ME THE HONOUR TO UNDERTAKE SUCH A TASK, I HOLD THAT HE EXECUTES IT ON HIS OWN PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY, AND FOR THE SUSTAINMENT OF HIS OWN REPUTATION; AND I DO NOT CONSIDER MYSELF AT LIBERTY TO EXERCISE THAT CONTROL OVER HIS TEXT WHICH I CLAIM AS TO OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

CHARLES DICKENS

XII. Army Inefficiency

[Laing Meason, a frequent contributor to *Household Words* and its successor, on military matters, published an article entitled "Military Mismanagement" (*AYR*, 5/12/63, X, 349-352) which compared the British army very unfavourably with the French, in regard to health, training, food, and cost. Dickens's footnote (p. 352) concurring with this judgment doubtless recalls his memories of holidays in Boulogne, where he observed the French army in camp (cf. Forster, 595-601). He had made a similar comparison in a letter to Mrs. Brown, 24/10/62 (*Letters to Miss Coutts*, 373).]

The Conductor of this Journal has, in his rambles during the last few years, watched the training of French soldiers in several large garrison towns of France. It is scarcely credible that such

a system can be in daily action at a dozen places within a few hours' steam-journey of these shores, and be so lost on authorities at home.

XIII. An Anecdote from Sidney Dickens ?

[Under the title "The Spirit of Nelson," an account is printed of a mishap to the ship's-boat of *H.M.S. Orlando* in the Bay of Tunis (*AYR*, 24/12/64, XII, 468-9). A squall hit the boat, and the smallest midshipman in the ship, a boy named Kemble, showed great gallantry by first saving a drowning man, and then refusing to save his own life by abandoning his shipmates who could not swim. The story is introduced by a paragraph, which seems to be Dickens's work. His son Sidney was certainly a midshipman on the *Orlando* from late 1861 to May, 1863; I have traced no further references to his ship until August, 1866, when he had newly joined *H.M.S. Bristol* (Nonesuch *Letters*, III, 270, 352, 482). It seems unlikely that many parents whose boys were serving on the *Orlando* were closely associated with *All the Year Round*.]

A Letter has fallen in our way, in which a very young officer in the Royal Navy, writing from Malta, describes to his father the circumstances of a recent melancholy accident which cost the country the lives of twelve brave officers and seamen belonging to *H.M.S. Orlando*. The circumstances strike us as so very interesting, simply related, and we have been so moved by the heroic spirit of one "little midshipman"—whose name we preserve, in the hope that this record may one day be perused with pride by relatives of the gallant boy—that we publish the account.

XIV. An Abject Apology

[In an article "Our Suburban Residence," a contributor had described the personalities, facilities and cost of living in a commuters' village some miles from London (*AYR*, 21/4/66, XV, 349-352). One personality is a German doctor, "a homoeopathic practitioner, who professes to cure all maladies with invisible globules and tasteless essences." While acknowledging that Dr. Zeller has accomplished some extraordinary cures, the author clearly implies that he is a quack and a rogue. Four weeks later (XV, 450) an editorial note introduces a letter from the author, denying that the description of Zeller was a satire on a Dr. Laseron, of Upper Edmonton, of whom the author claimed to be entirely ignorant. The editorial note is printed below. Often when reading editorial apologies, one cannot be sure how sincere they are; it is unusual, however, for an Editor so plainly to imply that his own contributor is a liar. As Percy Fitzgerald says, the apology was "introduced by a severe rebuke, a quite unusual thing with this indulgent man" (*Memories of Charles Dickens*, 1913, 238).]

A representation has been made to us that the article entitled "Our Suburban Residence" (see No. 365) is not pure fiction, as it purported to be, and as we believed it to be, but has in it some colouring of distorted fact, calculated to misrepresent and injure an amiable and useful gentleman. We believe this representation to be strictly true, and we profoundly regret the publication of

the article, though no Editor can possibly guard himself at all times against such deception. In making this reparation for our own innocent part in the wrong done, we publish the author's letter on the subject.

XV. Garibaldi and His Enemies

[Dickens frequently expressed his admiration for the cause of Garibaldi and Mazzini (see, e.g., his letters to Panizzi, 14/3/59, and to Chorley, 3/2/60, *Nonesuch*, III, 95, 148). In an article "Campaigning in the Tyrol" (*AYR*, 18/8/66, XVI, 133-8), a contributor records the words of Garibaldi at the beginning of the war: "Remember, every Austrian prisoner is my son" (p. 134). To this, Dickens appends a footnote.]

In striking contrast, the Conductor of this Journal has received, on very high Italian authority, written assurances that when, at Lissa, Italians, officers and men, were struggling in the water, the Austrians fired on them—officers with revolvers, and men with rifles; that this took place after the *Re d'Italia* was sunk, and the *Palestro* blown up; that nine officers from the *Re d'Italia*, who were on a kind of raft, were thus shot; and that these chivalrous achievements were accompanied with coarse and insulting cries.

XVI. Parliament

[Dickens's contempt for Parliament needs no illustration. It is shown in a footnote to a remark in an article on "Clubs and Clubmen" (*AYR*, 29/9/66, XVI, 286) that "In these days, members of Parliament bribe; a hundred years ago they were bribed." That Dickens should have bothered to add the following short (and silly) footnote is further evidence of his bitterness against politicians.]

The Conductor of this Journal believes the briber to be, in most cases, quite ready to be bribed.

XVII. Working Class Theatre-goers

[Under the title "The Working Man" (*AYR*, 8/6/67, XVII, 565-571), a contributer offers a long and enthusiastic summary of a recent book *Some Habits and Customs of the Working Class*, by A Journeyman Engineer [Thomas Wright]. "Of the amusements of the working classes; of their liking for 'deep' plays—that is, for tragedy—and of their wonderful ignorance of the very alphabet of theatrical knowledge, our author has much to say. When the 'city of Venice' is quietly set down as a 'theatrical cove,' and when one more learned than the rest of his companion gods, after a thoughtful pause, hesitatingly confesses that he has heard something of a 'theatrical bloke named Shakespeare,' and believes he wrote Jack Sheppard, but doesn't know whether he lived in the time of Alfred the Great or George the Fourth . . ." (p. 569)—but at this point Dickens jumps to the defense of the galleryites.]

The Conductor of this Journal takes the liberty of strongly doubting these two statements, supposing them intended to have a wide application.

XVIII. An Explanation for a Ghost

[In an article " Is it Possible ? " (*AYR*, 22/6/67, XVII, 614-620) two famous ghost-stories are re-told, for which there appears to be much authentic evidence. One of these is the narrative of Lady Anne Beresford, whose brother Lord Tyrone appeared to her after his death, thus fulfilling a compact they had made that whoever died first should visit the other as a ghost, to say which religion was most acceptable to God. Tyrone's ghost not only did this, but left certain tokens of his visit, and made some prophecies, all of which proved true. Dickens, after commenting on this story in a long note at the end of the article, describes a curious experience he had had; this was recounted also, a few days after it happened, in a letter to Forster (30/5/63, *Life*, 841) where the lady he thought he saw is named as " E." and the other lady as " Miss Napier."]

Note by the Conductor—Without presumptuously denying the possibility suggested by the esteemed writer of this paper, it is to be observed of such a story as Lady Beresford's that the alleged facts need to be very distinctly agreed upon. Lady Beresford's story may be called one of the leading cases. In the version of it which is the best known to us, Lady Beresford demands of the Spirit some assurance of the reality of its appearance. The Spirit then causes the large curtain at the foot of the bed to pass over the high tester, and asks is she satisfied *now* ? She objects that although she could not climb up and do that, waking, still, for aught she knows, she may be able to do it, sleeping, and therefore she is not satisfied. The Spirit then writes in her pocket-book which lies on a table at the bedside, and asks her, is she satisfied *now* ? She objects that although she could not counterfeit that hand, waking, still, for aught she knows, she may be able to do it, sleeping, and therefore she is not satisfied. Then comes the touch upon the wrist and its shrivelling up. We offered the suggestion some years ago, that this is very expressive of a state of sleep-walking or half-consciousness, in which Lady Beresford either actually did those two acts, or debated with herself the possibility of doing them; she being, either way, in an exceptional condition presently culminating in a stroke of local paralysis. Or, the whole may have been a diseased impression accompanying the paralysis; as most of us have dreamed a long story clearly originating in its own catastrophe—some disturbing sound.

Of the broad margin of allowance that must always be left for coincidence in these cases, we had personal experience not very long ago. We dreamed that we were in a large assembly, and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being towards us, we touched her. On her looking round, she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on our apologising, said, pleasantly: " I am Miss N——," mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dream was unusually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening, we recognised (with a strange feeling) coming in at the open door of our room, the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as

Miss N——, the name in the dream. No circumstance near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on the real commonplace visit, in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter, we had no previous knowledge of her name, nor of her existence.

XIX. An Unfair Judge

[" I have added a final paragraph about the unfairness of the Judge, whoever he was," Dickens wrote to Wills about an article by Thornbury on the trial of Eliza Fleming who was executed in 1815 (Nonesuch *Letters*, 30/6/67, III, 534). The paragraph added in *AYR* (13/7/67, XVIII, 72) is as follows.]

We reserve for our concluding paragraph, the statement that the Judge who tried this case was an Advocate against the girl, and was unfeeling, and unfair.

XX. Mr. Worth's Offended Pride

[Percy Fitzgerald's article on " The Great Man-Milliner " (*AYR*, 7/12/67, XVIII, 564-5) describes the career and operations of the first of the great Paris *couturiers*, the Englishman M. Worth. In the course of this he alleges that Worth began as " a humble tailor in some English provincial town." This offended Worth's pride, and Dickens wrote the following " Note on ' The Great Man-Milliner '," which appeared (in small type, at the bottom of the last page) in *AYR*, 4/1/68, XIX, 96. Fitzgerald comments (*Memories*, 230): " We can see the roguish eyes of Boz twinkling as no other eyes could as he wrote these pleasant lines."]

We have been asked to state that Mr. Worth of Paris, whose proficiency in the millinery art was described at page 564 of our last volume, did not begin life as a tailor, but as an apprentice to " one of the most celebrated silk mercers at the West-end of London."

XXI. An Unfounded Rumour

[At the top of the first page of the first volume of the New Series of *All the Year Round* (5/12/68), there is a signed address " To the Public," printed in italics across both columns.]

A very unjustifiable paragraph has appeared in some newspapers, to the effect that I have relinquished the Editorship of this Publication. It is not only unjustifiable because it is wholly untrue, but because it must be either wilfully or negligently untrue, if any respect be due to the explicit terms of my repeatedly-published announcement of the present New Series under my own hand.

Charles Dickens.

LES GRANDES ESPÉRANCES

By K. J. Fielding

HOW many intelligent readers of Dickens, one wonders, know of the books about him that have been written by Professor Sylvère Monod of the University of Caen? They have generally been noticed in the *Dickensian*. They range from a popular, illustrated introduction to *Charles Dickens* (Paris, Seghers, 1958) to an advanced study of Dickens as a novelist, *Dickens Romancier* (Paris, Hachette, 1953)' and they include a series of translations of the novels, published in the Classiques Garnier.

The most recent of these is *Les Grandes Espérances* (*Great Expectations*). Like its predecessors, *Olivier Twist* and *David Copperfield*, this latest translation offers much more than a sight of Dickens "through French eyes." The days are long past when even a Thackeray—as in his article on "Dickens in France"—could write of that country as "the most ignorant . . . in the civilised world"! We may look in vain for any English series in which Dickens is so helpfully edited, so attractively presented, or so well introduced. We are shown Dickens through the eyes of someone who has had to read and weigh the novels word by word, and who is always conscious of his responsibilities as an editor. It is not our purpose simply to pay tribute to the excellence of this edition: still less it is for us to estimate its value for French readers. But if a few remarks on it can encourage other Dickensians to see what Professor Monod has to say, they may also find much to learn.

Much that is said about the characters, for example, is of interest. Professor Monod sees Pip as someone who is entirely self-centred. No doubt this is partly because of the way in which the story is told as if it were an autobiography, but it is also part of a deliberate and even subtle design. Pip feels misunderstood. Even when he is dying, he feels that his tragedy will partly be that no one will ever understand him. Again, even when Magwitch is dying, either Pip or Dickens makes a significant slip. "Pip/Dickens" thinks of the two men who went up to the temple to pray, and says of Magwitch, "O Lord, be merciful to him, a sinner"—misremembering the lesson of humility taught by the example of the publican, "God be merciful to *me*, a sinner." (St. Luke, xviii, 13). Professor Monod thinks of *Great Expectations* as less autobiographical than *David Copperfield*, but more universal; and, though less obviously drawn from Dickens's life, it may bring us even closer to the author himself. In Pip's fears at his imminent death we may see Dickens's own concern with his lasting reputation. In his prayer for Magwitch, one may suggest there is a similar self-identification with Pip: it was no easier for Dickens than for Pip (or for the rest of us) to accept his own teaching and to recognise that it applied to himself.

We are reminded that although the novel was written soon after Dickens had begun his career as a public reader, he never chose to tell the story to an audience. He may have felt that it exposed him too much. The wonderful sketch of the two convicts who accompany Pip on top of the coach, on his first return from London is written as by a man fascinated by criminals, as much as by

a hero haunted by such "coarse, mangy, ungainly" manacled outcasts: and it is fascinating to have pointed out to us how, as he was describing them, "Pip/Dickens" could neither avoid putting himself in their places for a moment, nor prevent himself calling attention to it.

A special feature of this edition is the way it is illustrated. As it was first published, of course, *Great Expectations* had no contemporary illustrator: there is no "Phiz" to regret, therefore. Instead we have scenes from Covent Garden as Pip might have known it, the wings of a theatre where "Waldengarver" might have performed, criminals, dandies, piemen, the London bridges and docks, all taken from such works of the time as Gavarni's *Sketches of London Life and Character.* It is obviously a good idea, and so is the provision of maps of the City and the Thames below London; but no one, I think, has illustrated an edition of one of Dickens's novels in quite the same way before.[1]

In brief, the editing brings up-to-date, by our own standards, all that was evidently done for the mid-nineteenth century by the first authorised French translation, in 1857, when Dickens himself "humbly and respectfully, but with full confidence," introduced it. "I am proud", he wrote, "to be so presented to the French people, whom I sincerely love and honour, and to be known and approved by whom must be the aspiration of every labourer in the Arts, for which France has done so much, and in which she has made herself renowned throughout the world."

[1] Comparison may be drawn with C. van Noorden's "Topical Edition" of *Pickwick*.—Editor.

EDUCATION

By John Butt

MR. John Manning is a Professor of Education at Michigan State University. His purpose in his book, *Dickens on Education*[1], is to examine the views Dickens expressed on education in the light of the complicated history of education in nineteenth-century England. Dickens's views are elicited from his speeches, articles, and letters as well as from his novels and short stories; and to complete the account, Mr. Manning surveys once more what is known of Dickens's own education, and discusses what education Dickens gave his children.

This is a wide programme, but Mr. Manning seems not altogether satisfied that it is wide enough. A man's education cannot be said to be complete until he ceases to respond to the stimulus of ideas. That is a generous interpretation of the word education, and Mr. Manning seems to accept it when he begins to speculate on the effect produced on Dickens by his friends and by the books he read. There is, of course, a sense in which Dickens

[1] Dickens on Education. By John Manning. Toronto University Press: London, Oxford University Press, 1960. 44s.

was "educated" by Carlyle, another sense in which he was "educated" by Miss Coutts, and still another sense in which he was "educated" by Smollett (one of the many writers overlooked by Mr. Manning). But it is misleading to open up these vistas of the adult's further education in a book which is otherwise quite properly limited to schooling.

The point might scarcely be worth making if it were not symptomatic of certain defects in Mr. Manning's work, defects of not defining his subject clearly enough, of not investigating it thoroughly enough, and of not criticising it with sufficient discrimination. There is no good apologising for the difficulty of tracing Dickens's children's education by complaining, however wryly, of their numerous nicknames. The problem is not as difficult as all that. Furthermore, their education needs pursuing to the point of what they made of their subsequent careers: Mr. Manning lists Professor Adrian's biography of Georgina Hogarth in his bibliography, but he seems unaware of the help it would have given him at this point.

The literature that has accumulated about Dickens is now very extensive indeed. Not all of us need read all of it. But anyone who adds to it should possess a thorough knowledge of what may affect his own work. Mr. Manning emerges from the test more successfully than some recent critics; but he need not have left the writer of the famous review of *Little Dorrit* in the Edinburgh Review anonymous; and a more extensive acquaintance with back numbers of *The Dickensian* (or with Professor G. H. Ford's 'Riverside' edition of *David Copperfield*, 1958) would have revealed something of interest about the origins of one reprehensible schoolmaster, Mr. Creakle.

A professor of education need not be a literary critic, and Mr. Manning would probably make no such claim. But a writer on Dickens cannot avoid criticism altogether, and Mr. Manning's attempts are not always happy. Thus Bradley Headstone is cited as an instance of the inhibiting effect which an interest in education had upon Dickens's art; we are told that *David Copperfield* would have been better if the sub-plot connected with Steerforth had been left out; Nicholas Nickleby's adventures are said to run away with the novel in the manner of *Tom Jones;* "Barkis is willing" is thought to be a "peculiar statement"; Dickens's heroes are said to belong to "the lower orders", and to be "more often than not . . . bastard children"; and the term "hilarious fun" is very much overworked.

An historian of education is needed to assess the professional part of Mr. Manning's book; but it would seem that he has established his case that Dickens was not a Froebelain, that his satire at the beginning of *Hard Times* is at least in part directed against the formalisation and distortion of Pestalozzi's methods, that there is no evidence for the view that Dickens supported a national state system of free, compulsory education, and that he had at best only a partial grasp of educational theory and administration It will be generally agreed that Dickens's great virtue in the eye of the student of educational theory is that he interpreted to adults the point of view of children.

TWO PROLOGUES FOR THE AMATEUR PLAYERS

By K. J. Fielding

A CURIOUS sidelight on Dickens's amateur players is revealed when one looks at some of the reports of their performances. For, when they acted at Manchester and Liverpool, in June, 1847, local newspapers recorded the prologues which were written for the occasions by Serjeant Talfourd and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Dickens's own ideas are so vital, and one grows so accustomed to the story of his life, that one tends to forget how strongly Victorian some of his associates were. While his writings are still alive, some of theirs have to be exhumed; and this is certainly usually true of Lytton's and Talfourd's.

The amateur performances of 1847 were originally to have been given merely in aid of Leigh Hunt. Dickens made arrangements for a performance in London, and for others in Manchester and Liverpool. Then, rather to his surprise, Lord John Russell awarded Hunt a Civil List pension. The performance in London was given up; but the plans for acting in the provinces were confirmed, and the amateur players went on with their rehearsals. Hunt was still in need of help to clear his debts; but, in view of his pension, it was decided that he should share the proceeds of the amateur performance with the aged dramatist, John Poole.

At the Manchester performance, Talfourd's prologue was given by Dickens. A reporter writes, that: "After the enthusiastic applause with which he was greeted—and which lasted, not seconds, but minutes—had subsided, he delivered with cordial and manly feeling, the following address":

> " If without practis'd skill or conscious power
> We dare usurp the stage one golden hour,
> And step from stern realities of care
> The motley shapes of ancient wit to wear,
> No hope is ours the finer traits to seize
> Of those whose genial lives are spent to please—
> The plea on which we gentle audience claim
> Is not slight talent, but an honest aim—(*applause*);
> That aim, though little its success avail,
> To cast one grain in Fortune's lighter scale,
> And help the world's wrong balance to redress
> Between the men who prosper, and who bless . . ."

The prologue hardly deserves quotation in full. It is rather sad stuff. But the audience was enthusiastic; Dickens made it sound effective; and " great applause " greeted his assertion that Nature had

> " blest the living bard with such sweet fame
> As makes Leigh Hunt an English household name ! "

It ended with a brief reference to Poole, whose name was

apparently to have been kept secret, though everyone soon got to know it:

> "And if the influence of this night should shed
> Some comfort on Another's weary head
> Who tinted Humour's shapes with Fancy's dyes,
> To make the world more merry and more wise,
> And now, by labour for its mirth opprest,
> Asks for the O'erwrought brain its evening rest—
> The givers' part of kindness shall become
> A precious item in the glorious sum
> Which Manchester lays up in deathless store,
> And its great heart admit one blessing more!"
>
> (*Great applause.*)

The curtain then rose on *Every Man in His Humour* which, we are told, was "performed with a degree of freshness and spirit, such a nice appreciation of character, and generally with such a force of embodiment, as disarmed at the same time as it seemed to invite criticism."[1]

At Liverpool the prologue was spoken by Forster; and this alone might suggest, what is probable on other grounds, that Lytton had written it at his request rather than Dickens's. Hardly enough attention has been paid by Dickens's biographers, to the independent activities of both Lytton and Forster. For, although Dickens was usually the leader in any practical undertaking they engaged in together, it was he who used to consult them for advice, never the other way about. It is all the more interesting, therefore, that in this prologue written for the audience of a great mercantile city, Lytton seems to have had *Dombey and Son* half in mind. By this time the novel had reached its ninth number; and, just as Mr. Dombey tells Paul "Money can do anything," so Lytton began by ironically acclaiming the new age of gold, which freights its fleets, builds railways and schools, allows men to buy a wife or even praise after death:

> "... So far so well. But why the *age of gold*?
> Tush! Look around you, and *that* age behold!
> See its gleam sparkle, hear its metal ring.
> All earth one subject of the yellow king!...
> What lights with mimic stars your glittering streets?
> What with all India freights your homeward fleets?
> What magic art outstrips the swiftest steed,
> And wings your movements with the whirlwind's speed?
> What rears the infant? What instructs the youth?
> To schools lends learning? To the pulpit truth?
> Wins vice respect? And age its blooming bride?
> What cheats the soul? Thrusts nature's self aside?
> And what (surviving life), when die you must,
> Bribes priest to bless, and earth to hide your dust?
> Where, from the cradle to the funeral mould,
> Oh! where *one* refuge from our tyrant—GOLD!"

1 *Manchester Guardian*, July 28th, p. 5.

Even so, wealth and charity are not to be separated in what is, after all, also the age of Dickens and *Dombey:*

> " But harsh and false the moralist who sees
> In life's red veins no symptoms but disease.
> If toil heaps wealth, still pity feeds the poor,
> And Want's asylum stands by Luxury's door ! "

Lytton then goes on to praise the poet as a teacher, and to introduce Hunt as one who came with " the kingliest claim—the poverty of song ! " It was these lines that Hunt claimed to have kept in mind for twenty-five years, and which he was able to quote without record when he came to write his *Autobiography*. They are quoted from the *Autobiography* by Forster (in the *Life*, ed. J. W. T. Ley, p. 457; Book VI, ch. i), which suggests that even he had by then forgotten them :

> " Mild amid foes, amidst a prison free,
> He comes—our gray-hair'd bard of Rimini !
> Comes with the pomp of memories in his train,
> Pathos and wit, sweet pleasure and sweet pain !
> Comes with familiar smile and cordial tone,
> Our hearts' wise cheerer !—Let us cheer his own.
> Song links her children with a golden thread:
> To aid the living bard strides forth the dead !
> Hark the frank music of the elder age—
> Hark Jonson's giant tread sound ringing up the stage !
> Hail ! the large shapes our fathers loved, again—
> Wellbred's light ease, and Kitely's jealous pain !
> Cob shall have sense, and Stephen be polite,
> Brainworm shall preach, and Bobadil shall fight—
> Each, here, a merit not his own shall find,
> And every man the humour to be kind."[1]

The Liverpool papers had nothing of importance to say about how the play was performed; any reports were crowded out by the results of some elections. What one would like to known even more, though, is exactly how " the gray-hair'd bard of *Rimini* " of 1847, had turned into Harold Skimpole, " a child—an absolute child," of *Bleak House*, by 1852.

[1] *Liverpool Times*, August 3rd, p. 4.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

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THE MINISTERS IN DICKENS

By J. Leslie Dunstan

THERE is one difficulty involved in preparing a paper on a subject related to Charles Dickens to which we must attend with care. The difficulty arises because of the example Dickens has set for us. Usually a speaker can readily select the kind of approach he will make to his hearers; he knows whether the occasion calls for seriousness or for the utmost levity, whether he should confine himself to that which is really the case or whether he can allow his imagination to roam where it will, whether he should instruct, persuade, or simply impress with expert oratory. Usually the choice between any or all of these alternatives is easy to make, for either the occasion of the address or the character of the audience is the determining factor. There is a direct kind of relationship between setting and speech and usually we see this relationship manifested in our public gatherings.

But when Charles Dickens is involved all is changed. And we cannot do him proper honour unless in some fashion we take account of the manner in which he disturbs our normal ways. He was serious enough at times, dead serious; and he was utterly and completely frivolous at times. But then he mixed things all up, for in writing that is manifestly impressive and weighty he hid a large measure of levity while in pages that are sardonic and superficial and thoroughly hilarious he hid some of the most forceful words he ever penned. He was not one to let the appearance of his words show what they were meant to convey; instead he tucked the message he wanted to convey behind the tales he told. With Charles Dickens the relationship between setting and speech which most prosaic mortals accept, and by which they faithfully abide, is reversed, distorted and sometimes broken altogether.

When we read a story one of two things may happen. On the one hand we may get caught up in the story itself, becoming in effect a participator in the events that occur and a sharer in the emotions that move the lives of the characters. On the other hand we may stand outside the story and watch its people and its movement with critical interest. Many there are who read Dickens in the former fashion. It was said, you will remember, that all England cried when little Nell passed away. And again and again hearts are moved to anger, to sorrow, to joy and to fear as they beat in harmony with the hearts of the people Dickens portrayed. But tonight we are to move in the alternate fashion. We are to be a bit objective and from our own standpoint look at the characters Dickens described and the events through which those characters passed.

Let me illustrate. As I read *David Copperfield,* I may, as a fellow human being, become deeply moved and may feel for him, and with him, in his many and varied experiences. The cane which Murdstone swung has a sort of universal bruising effect. But as I read that book I cannot help but notice that tucked away in its pages is the Reverend Horace Crewler. And when I meet him I am of necessity brought to the alert for he is a man in

my profession. I must therefore draw back a bit, control my emotions and take a critical look at the creature Dickens has drawn. Pride in my profession, interest in a fellow-labourer, and a desire to see my work presented to the public in as favourable light as possible take control of my mental apparatus and become for me the guides of my judgement. I no longer am in the story; I have withdrawn a short distance where I can take a look at what is going on. And we propose to do precisely this for a short while.

So, a minister looks at Dickens. I suppose one should not speak of professional jealousy in a company like this lest the suggestion of a " wee green-eyed monster " mar our pleasant companionship. Yet in all honesty, and who is there to dare, with the spirit of Dickens abroad, to be other than honest, it must be said that between the professions which men grace and through which they serve their fellows there is a hidden yet deep-seated jealousy. Doctors, lawyers, journalists, architects, ministers are well aware of each other's existence and in a somewhat hesitant fashion are willing to concede that all of them have some value to society. But those in each profession are equally sure that basically the other professions are not really too essential to human welfare, and that perhaps if humanity were wise enough to patronise them, and dispense with the work of the others, the world would be a better place. The quip that ministers like to toss off about the impossibility of winning a law suit against Satan because all the lawyers are in his domain is an expression of the underlying feeling of which I speak. When the men of one profession see the popular adulation often given members of another profession their jealousy becomes almost uncontrollable. They cannot understand how people can be so idiotic in their behaviour. Almost of necessity, then, this attitude comes to govern the mind of the minister as he reads Dickens.

Of course, I speak only for ministers. And perhaps I should now show some ministerial qualities, and speak as a minister should. It must be a matter of some regret and certainly not a little perturbation among the members of professions other than my own when they discover how little good Dickens found in any of them. Lawyers are no more than a pack of dishonest, dishonourable thieves, making use of a most essential human institution, distorting it, misreading it, and covering it with a thick layer of incomprehensibility, all for their own benefit. Industrialists are savage vultures, preying on their fellow men, draining their strength and their blood that they and their families may live in comfort and ease. Landlords are heartless creatures, who by strange turns of fortune have come to possess property on which or in which others must live. With an insensibility and callousness matched only by that of a granite statue they do nothing to make their property liveable and charge inordinately high rents for it. The nobility are idiotic dolts who spend their days in useless idleness unaware of the needs of men and unmindful of the responsibilities they should assume. I forbear to speak of teachers lest we carry this a bit too far; we need only recall that they are either insufferably ignorant cruel tyrants or else cringing, fawning overworked parasites.

As a minister reads Dickens, first of all with eyes coloured by a feeling toward other professions which is less than godly, this is what he sees. And while certainly ministers would not be known to utter their sentiments out loud, the little angel who listens to the thoughts of their hearts might testify to hearing something like this: " Wise Dickens, discerning Dickens, inspired Dickens; how well you have understood the truth hidden in the lives of those other men, how clearly you have pierced beneath the frock coats, the wigs, and the gowns, how neatly you have looked into carriages and coaches, how lucidly you have seen through heavy walls and shuttered windows, how perfectly you have drawn with your facile pen portraits that are accurate replicas of those in professions other than my own. Praise be to you for your discernment. How the mighty have fallen." Perhaps the little angel did not hear correctly; perhaps there was no angel to hear at all. But the case is made. Dickens wrote, and as he wrote he testified to the character of those in the professions. None, then, among ministers at least would dare doubt his word, especially since he confirms the suspicions they long have held.

But that little goddess envy, no matter how strongly she may control one's outlook and direct one's seeing, must gradually be satisfied, and then vision is moved by another power. In the standpoint from which we view things there are two aspects: our attitude toward others and our interest in ourselves. So that inevitably, ministers, having thoroughly enjoyed what Dickens had to say about other professional men, sooner or later begin to see what Dickens has to say about them.

And right at the outset we, or should I say I, must confess that for some reason not readily known, Dickens appears to have had a most peculiar and ill-formed idea of ministers as people and of the ministry as a functioning body in society. His pictures of ministers and his delineation of their work seem to suggest either that he laboured under the most awful of delusions or that he was influenced by those who hated and despised the profession. For in the world or the worlds which he created ministers are the strangest kind of creatures given to the strangest form of behaviour imagineable. But I must be more specific.

We begin with statistics, nothing but statistics; but in our age we know how important statistics are and how they measure the things we do, even including the number of hats we wear. There are, midst all the hundreds of people walking the streets and living in the towns of Dickens stories, less than two dozen clergymen; and one has to stretch a point and include an unnamed cathedral dean to find that number. Now this is both completely fallacious and utterly preposterous. In any normal society there ought to be, shall we say, one clergyman for every few hundred people. Only so can society be kept refined and decent. At least, that is the theory. Yet Dickens satisfied himself with only a few men of the cloth. And actually the situation is worse than that. Three of those ministers are in one story, and two of those three are in the same church, and that church is not very large or very significant; Dickens says that it belongs to " the ranting

persuasion." Two more clergymen are in the *Sketches*, so that while they might have had some influence upon people if they had lived, they are nothing but pictures powerless to do anything about the affairs in the novels. One minister, duly named, was a member of the Mudfog Association, which was his only claim to fame and the only reason for his inclusion in a book.

Three appeared simply to perform duties customarily belonging to the profession, funerals, baptisms and weddings, and these, having done that which was required of them disappeared forever from the scene. One was in prison, a situation which bespoke his character and the impossibility of his usefulness in society. And one other had " left the world . . . lost sight of earthly cares."

Do the best we can, giving Dickens's ministers the benefit of any doubt, there are scarcely more than eight or nine who are living, active creatures, able to influence those about them. And when we remember the kind of characters in Dickens's world, the hard hearted, the perverse, the self-centred, the criminal, the neurotic, the poor, the benighted, we are driven to the conclusion that Dickens was almost totally unappreciative of the rôle the clergy is presumed to play in society. No eight or nine ministers, were they ever so expert and ever so dedicated, could hope to cope with Dickens people and do anything for their redemption. Might it not be correct to suggest that the reason why one of those ministers found his way rather frequently to the cosy fireside of the village tavern to sip warm refreshments with the lady of the house was that he was so overwhelmed by the immensity of the task Dickens gave him that he was driven to that form of peaceful escape. That is good psychological theory, at least, even if the theory were not known in Dickens's day. At any rate, the figures in the case tell a revealing story; nine preachers, and only that number, in any position to minister to the spiritual needs of a vast multitude of people.

So much for statistics. They tell us a good deal about Dickens and his ministers but they do not tell us the whole story. We now need to see what Dickens thought ministers were like. Even if he did not put enough of them in the stories perchance he made them such excellent creatures that he thought them able to perform the work of three times their number. So let me introduce the ministers to you.

The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Long Ears was a member of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything. Why he joined and how he joined are questions which must remain unanswered. Apparently he became a member sometime between the first meeting of the Association and the second. I do not know whether any significance is to be attached to this, although it may have been that he was one of those careful, prudent people who always wait to see what a new organisation is like before they decide what to do about it. We cannot know whether this was true with Long Ears—we simply note the fact.

Some members of the Association gathered in the saloon of a steamer on a Thursday evening and started for Oldcastle, where the second meeting was to be held. By noon of Saturday the voyage was over and the passengers had disembarked. Late

that night, in the midst of a pouring rainstorm, a stage coach drove into Oldcastle with fourteen more members of the Association, ten of whom, since they had been sitting outside, were soaking wet. Mr, Muddlebranes was there, so was Mr. Purblind and Mr. Rummon, and among them the Reverend Mr. Long Ears. There he was, self-sacrificing, self-effacing and humble, willing to let others enjoy the ease of the steamboat while he jounced along on the bumpy roads, sitting outside in the rain so that others might remain inside and be dry. On first sight a fair example of one who was concerned for the welfare of others.

But it was Saturday night. At that time of the week Long Ears should scarcely have been there. At best he should have been sitting quietly at home conserving his strength for the labours of the Sabbath; at the worst he should have been sitting in his study preparing his sermon. Instead, there he was at Oldcastle after gallivanting around the countryside with a purposeless group of men, quite oblivious to the responsibilities that belonged to his profession. The only thing that can be said about him is that he lived up to his name. He was where he could hear things regardless of what those things were, instead of letting other people hear him.

Then there is the Reverend Charles Timson. He is really only a pawn in the tale Dickens told. He was the one who married Miss Lillerton after Tottle had somewhat awkwardly and backhandedly proposed to her. To say it in our language, he stole a girl right out of the hands of another man. Poor Tottle was brokenhearted, as I take all men should be who find themselves in Tottle's position. He went and threw himself into Regents Canal and drowned. Indirectly, then, Timson was guilty of causing the suicide of a fellow creature. Dickens makes just one comment about him: " he was bred for the church, which, I fear, will never be bread for him."

The Rev. Melchisedech Howler was a minister with a somewhat shady reputation. It is not at all strange to find ministers in this predicament for they are expected to be angels and are suspected of nefarious conduct both if they act and if they do not. But Howler's reputation has been gained before he became a clergyman. Once upon a time, early in his adult life, he had been employed on the West India Docks. Thoughts of the ministry never entered his head for he was quite content to be working where he was. But he lost his job. He was charged with " screwing gimlets into puncheons " which I take to mean, when translated into our language, that he had taken to drinking out of the casks of liquor which were landed on the docks. Jobless, and perhaps needy, he had turned to the church, given himself a ministerial title and gathered a congregation. Sure that he had an inside word from the Lord he made the major point in his message the announcement of the end of the world in two years. He was an effective talker able to stir his hearers to weird forms of action. On one occasion they were so moved by his words that they started stamping and hopping up and down, and the floor of the building gave way. He became the spiritual advisor to Mrs. MacStinger, which is a position not infrequently held among the clergy, and

when she decided to marry Jack Bunsby he performed the ceremony. And that is all we know of Howler. We might add, that like Long Ears, he appears to have a most appropriate name for he might be described as the high priest of much shouting.

Some of Dickens's ministers are merely incidental to social practices, and if those practices were not followed the ministers would not be needed. The Reverend Horace Crewler was a poor Devonshire clergyman with a sick wife and ten children. Everything that happened settled in Mrs. Crewler's legs and since much was happening all the while Mrs. Crewler was completely incapacitated. But Crewler gets on the stage only because his fourth daughter married Traddles. It is usually thought that being a father-in-law is only one of the minor functions a minister is supposed to perform, yet it is the only one in which we see Crewler.

The Reverend Alfred Feeder is just a bit more incidental to Crewler. His main and only reason for being in a tale is to perform a wedding. I suppose that in Dickens's day it was not considered proper to wed at a justice of the peace, so that a marriage being inevitable in the course of life, a minister had to appear to do the deed.

And the Reverend Frank Milvey, who by the way has six children, performs two functions instead of one: he presides at a wedding and conducts a funeral. True, he enters into life a bit more than either Crewler or Feeder, but when his contribution to the world in which he lives is looked at with critical eyes, it is seen to consist of nothing more than the two ceremonies which are customary in our part of the world.

Then there was the clergyman, unnamed, who kept Bumbles, Sowerberry and Oliver Twist waiting for more than an hour by the grave of a pauper woman, and then when he arrived read " as much of the burial service as could be compressed into four minutes," and the clergyman, unnamed, who gave Little Nell the job of church keeper when she and her grandfather finally found a quiet home; and the clergyman, unnamed, who advised Nicholas Nickleby's father, when he had lost all his money in speculation to accept his fate because " it is sinful to rebel against it "; and the clergyman, unnamed, in the cell to which Pickwick was assigned in the Fleet Prison, a coarse, red-faced chap in a shabby black suit and a sealskin cap who carefully borrowed five shillings from Pickwick and spent it on drink; and the clergyman, unnamed, who christened little Paul.

Gimblet and Hawkyard were what we would call " lay preachers." They earned their living as drysalters; even as one reads the word he can smell their shop and know that they never had to tell anyone what their jobs were. One of them was an exhorter, and the other an expounder, in an obscure congregation; might we call it a store front church. But they were as envious of each other and as suspicious of each other as two men can possibly be, especially two men who are so closely associated with each other. On one occasion Gimblet preached a sermon on the text " my prayer is not of this world," although he did not say where he found the text. His discourse both as to logic and common

sense was a perfect example of an expository sermon. After he had finished Hawkyard prayed, and he made the service thoroughly consistent in that his prayer was an illustration of Gimblet's text.

We might put beside these two worthies the unnamed minister in the Bethel Chapel, the place Kit called "an obnoxious conventicle." He earned his living by shoemaking, but had a divine calling to preach. His congregation were accustomed to sleep through his discourses, for they were long, uninteresting and with no bearing upon his text or on life. Kit went to the Bethel to get his mother, and as he was taking her out, the preacher stopped in his sermon to shout "Stay, Satan, stay," whereupon he and Kit entered on an altercation which awoke and amused those sitting in the pews.

The Reverend and Mrs. Silverstone were a most devoted couple, each having but one desire and that to praise the other. Let Mrs. Silverstone open her mouth and she talks of the wisdom, the devotion and the dedication of her husband; and when he speaks he pays tribute to the wife who has given birth to eight children and reared them expertly. They constitute a mutual admiration society of the first order and as over against all other people they are the most travelled and the most widely acquainted. Mention a spot on the globe and they have been there, and they will gladly recount the most extraordinary experience they had there. Mention a person of note and they know him so intimately that they are on a first name friendship. With the cosmopolitan lives they have led and their doting affection for each other, the people with whom they come in contact serve only as foils for their conversation or as the inducers of their speaking.

The Reverend Mr. Chadband was a minister unrelated to a denomination or a sect. Whether this was a matter of principle with him, so that we may think of him as a man acting in advance of his age, or whether no denomination would have him, we are not told. We meet him first on a hot summer afternoon during vacation time. The scene is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby. Mrs. Snagsby has prepared tea in expectation of a visit from the minister, and it is a tea that really should be called a full meal. But Mrs. Snagsby knows her minister and has measured his appetite well. Chadband arrives and immediately upon entering the parlour of the house starts on a windy, meaningless speech. He is rudely interrupted by a noise from outside the room. It turns out that he has come by cab and has carefully and frugally underpaid the cab driver. His wife handles the situation and does so with the air of one who is thoroughly accustomed to such incidents.

Chadband is said to be an oil machine. He eats a great deal, being an expert wielder of the knife and fork, a consuming vessel; and all he eats turns into oil which fills the pores of his skin and gives him a yellowy sort of countenance. He talks on the slightest provocation and oftimes with no provocation at all. His oratorical device is to ask a question and then to answer it, although he does not seem to care whether the questions are relevant or important or whether the answers have anything to do with the questions. He has been known to speak for four hours without

stopping. At the Snagsby's he carried on at such length that poor Mrs. Snagsby was thrown into a cataleptic fit. He is a pompous, egotistical non-entity whose whole being and acting are meaningless. In the end he gets involved in a blackmailing scheme and is caught. I take it that blackmailing is extorting money from a person on the ground that through payment he will be protected from the results of his sins. Perhaps there is some significance to the way in which Chadband leaves us.

Then there is the Reverend Mr. Stiggins, commonly known as the Shepherd. He leads a fanatical congregation, or perhaps we should say, a congregation of fanatics, at Emmanuel Chapel. We add, in order to be completely accurate, that the congregation was made up of women in the main, although what bearing that has upon the matter is not at all clear. You, with me, can see Stiggins sitting beside the fireside with Mrs. Weller, slowly sipping his hot punch and without doubt giving Mrs. Weller a feeling of utmost sanctity. The two male Wellers, father and son, quite know that Stiggins is a fraud and they try to incite him to anger or to ill-considered repartee. But Stiggins is impervious to their barbs, obviously feeling quite secure behind the protective approval of Mrs. Weller.

I do not know how you react to the meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association which came to an abrupt end when Stiggins appeared thoroughly inebriated, but I presume that such happenings do occur in Pickwickian worlds. Not knowing very much about such worlds, my only information being that provided by Charles Dickens, I do not usually get drunk before going to address the Anti-Saloon League. So as I read of Mr. Stiggins, and the behaviour he exhibited in his world, I simply laugh at the absurdity of the scene which he makes. And I cannot help but wonder if to the minds of some of us the little demon has not whispered as it must have whispered to Dickens saying that there are ministers who might be shown up for what they are if they were manoeuvred into a liquid lapse like Stiggins, and that there are Temperance Societies which would become more realistic if they were shaken from their illusions in the same fashion as was the Brick Lane Branch.

Ministers come to strange and varied ends. Some die of natural causes, some are unfrocked by their peers, and some become insurance agents. But few there be who are taken by the back of their collars and the seat of their trousers and thrown into the nearest horse-trough. Of course, we have to remember that there are few horse-troughs left now which severely limits the number of ministers who can come to that end. But Stiggins did, and I suppose he deserves some kind of commendation for having achieved such a unique way of departing from the human stage.

There was a party at Manor Farm after Pickwick's arrival and in the evening games were played. A " bald-headed old gentleman, with a good humoured benevolent face " was there, watching the proceedings with pleasure. He was the clergyman of Dingley Dell. When the games were over and the company had gathered around the fireside he recited a poem of his own composition, " The Ivy

Green," and told the tale of "The Convict's Return." As Pickwick left the Manor he put a paper into his hands entitled "A Madman's Manuscript." Later on he performed the wedding ceremony in the Parish Church for Bella and Trundle.

This brings us to the Reverend Septimus Crisparkle, the Minor Canon of Cloisterham Cathedral. He was the seventh son of his family, as his name indicates, and was the only living son. He dwelt comfortably with his mother in a pleasant little house and really was a most presentable gentleman. I have often wondered what happened to Dickens when he described Crisparkle. For Crisparkle is, in every way, or in nearly every way, a real man, a serious-minded clergyman, and one thoroughly involved in constructive fashion in the affairs of his fellow men. Put him beside Stiggins and Howler and Chadband and he does not belong in the same company. How Dickens ever came to see a minister in such a changed light is a mystery almost as unfathomable as the mystery in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Dickens was ill when he wrote and was worn out by his labours; perhaps this is the reason. Or maybe Dickens had undergone a complete change of heart in respect to ministers and was trying to do penance for the way he had treated them during his earlier years. Be the solution to the mystery what it is there stands Crisparkle. He is only a minor canon, which is not a position of any great consequence, and he is thoroughly bedevilled by a Dean who is much more interested in the peace of the parish, and the approval of the important parishioners, than he is in justice and truth and other Christian virtues. Yet Crisparkle stands his ground and seeks in all he does to make the right prevail. Even in the face of somewhat overwhelming circumstantial evidence he refuses to be stampeded into the conclusion that Landless killed Drood. Landless had lived in his home and he was sure he knew the kind of soul that was hidden behind an impetuous exterior. Crisparkle would not judge a man guilty until he was sure the charge was deserved. And as a kind of confirmation of the stand he took there is the fact that not even after the passage of more than a century has it been proved that Landless did kill Drood.

Such is Crisparkle. As we ministers become acquainted with him we welcome him to our company for we are glad to claim him as a fellow professional. He does us proud. Some there be who wish he might have married, and some who wish he had not appeared so boy-like. But we cannot quibble for none of us are all we and others might like us to be. Crisparkle will do, and we are grateful that Dickens gave us at least one respectable member of our tribe.

Well, there they are—the ministers of Dickens. I have often wondered what a ministerial Association made up of those men would be like. Imagine Chadband making a speech to Silverstone, and then Hawkyard closing the meeting with prayer. Stiggins, of course, would be absent for he would be busy with his pastoral duties; and Long Ears would be absent for he would not be interested enough in the proceedings to attend. But what was Dickens getting at? Were the ministers of his day as he has made his characters? Did he so thoroughly dislike the clergy

that, in the main, he left them out of his books, and when he put them in he made them as absurd and distasteful as possible? Were his ministers men who existed only in a Pickwickian sense, whatever that may mean in this connection? Did Dickens exaggerate and distort characteristics he saw in ministers and churches? Or what was Dickens doing?

Perhaps Dickens was having a bit of fun with ministers; if so, ministers will say that he carried the fun a great deal too far. Perhaps he was deadly serious as he wrote; if so, ministers will wish that he had been more widely acquainted with the members of their profession. Perhaps the world he portrayed was not supposed to be the real world, but was simply an overgrown fairy realm; in which case ministers can, with a slight hesitation because of the affront to their dignity, join in the laughter. We can never know the answers to these and other similar queries. And it is just as well. For if we knew precisely what Dickens meant by his ministers we might have done with the creatures and dismiss them forever from our presence. But as it is they must remain with us and we with them; they must continue to be inescapable creatures who refuse to leave us.

Ministers note that Charles Dickens was very much a child of his age. And religiously speaking that age was a very interesting one. At that time new and dynamic life had begun to appear in the churches. An evangelical spirit was stirring in many hearts making men aware of the evils in their world and giving them a determination to remove those evils. John Wesley had moved across the English scene not many years before Dickens was born and had awakened by his work a great upsurge of hope among the lower classes. He had led many into a new church organisation that was built upon the dedication of the laymen. Three of the great mission boards, each destined to carry large responsibilities for spreading the Christian gospel across the world, were founded less than twenty-five years before Dickens began writing. The anti-slavery campaign was in full swing during Dickens's lifetime, led by Christian laymen and clergy. Shortly after Dickens's death the Salvation Army was officially chartered, although William Booth had been hard at work while Dickens lived and had drawn together in rudimentary fashion the organisation of devoted men and women which was to do so much for the poor, the outcasts and the derelicts. And Thomas Arnold, a most respected ordained minister and one whose actions came from roots deeply imbedded in the Christian faith, had reformed Rugby and launched a movement that changed the schools of England, even while Dickens was penning the story of Dotheboys Hall.

Dickens had strong concerns and deep interests. Into those concerns and interests he poured his life's blood and to them he gave unstintingly of the power of his genius. His books were great novels, but they were much more than that, for they were tracts for the times. They cast a bright light upon the rotten places in human society and demanded of those who read a decision to act. The church of Dickens's day, that is, the central vital stream of the church with its ministers and members, held the same concerns and the same interests and strove for the same

causes as those for which he lived. There was among men then, a deep flowing stream of humanitarianism, of interest in man's welfare, of determination to make society everywhere more just and more righteous, more as it should be in the sight of the Almighty God. The church was in that stream and so was Charles Dickens. And both the church and Charles Dickens believed firmly that though evil was rampant and was horrible and degrading, the good was bound to win. This was bound to happen if men gave themselves in devotion to the good and used all their powers in its defence. Probably the church has no right to claim Charles Dickens as an enrolled, contributing member, but the church has every right to say that he and they marched hand in hand through the years, feeling the same sympathies and sharing the same yearnings. For the same spirit moved in the hearts of both.

What then of the ministers to whom Dickens introduces us, for this suggestion of the relationship between Dickens and the church does not take them away. And Dickens was correct; they belong in the church, in his day and in ours. For the church is a strange kind of institution. It always has within it a centre of dynamic vitality which enlists varied numbers of people, in one age few and in another age many; but always it has within it those who use it for their own satisfactions and ends, and those who uncaringly perform its functions as a means of livelihood. Dickens's ministers, with one exception, are all outside the living church. They feed on the ways of the church and the rights their relationship to it gives them. They are complete humbugs and hypocrites and time-savers, never seeing nor caring for the basic task committed to the church. They content themselves with mouthing platitudes and taking the emoluments of their office or with being gracious men unconcerned with the world.

It may well be that Dickens had no conscious ulterior purpose as he portrayed his ministers. Perhaps he simply let his fundamental antipathy to everything that was false and useless and evil guide his pen as he wrote. Yet whatever was true with him, his ministers stand, not alone as men in a story world but as everlasting reminders of the foibles to which members of the profession may succumb. His ministers may be exaggerations, but the irrelevance, the indifference, the spuriousness, the sheer inanity which most of them exhibit are dangers which lie very close to every minister, waiting to overcome him should he at any moment relax his guard against them. Dickens has shown what ministers may be like, even though they may not appear in such crude and farcical forms as those into which he put them. By so doing Dickens has put every minister in his debt. Chadband and Stiggins and Hawkyard and all the rest are danger signs set beside the road which every minister must travel.

THE NONESUCH PRESS DICKENS

Offers are invited for a set of the Nonesuch Edition of Dickens. Write to The Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

DICKENS FACES A LIBEL SUIT

By Arthur A. Adrian
Western Reserve University

ONE November evening in 1864, alighting at Higham Station on his way home from London to Gad's Hill, Dickens was pleasantly surprised. There, awaiting him "in triumph" to carry him the last mile and a half, stood a "beautiful and perfect brougham." To his sub-editor of *All the Year Round*, W. H. Wills, who had secretly purchased it as a gift for Gad's Hill, he rhapsodised the next day: "It is the lightest and prettiest and best carriage of its class, ever made." He went on to explain that, its beauties having been obscured on his arrival, he had taken it out in the yard the first thing in the morning "and got in and out at both doors, and let down and pulled up the windows, and checked an imaginary coachman, and leaned back in a state of placid contemplation." Though the foremost vehicle of its kind, it was, at the same time, "far dearer than anything on wheels could ever be for its own sake," he assured Wills. For it bore proof of the donor's "ever generous friendship and appreciation" and would remain "a memorial of a happy intercourse and a perfect confidence that have never had a break, and that surely never can have any break now (after all these years) but one."[1]

But what had been intended as a token of lasting friendship was soon to become the source of considerable irritation. For, after the carriage had been enjoyed scarcely more than a year, it involved Dickens in threats of a libel suit. The story of this unfortunate aftermath can be reconstructed from a series of unpublished letters preserved in the files of his solicitor, Frederic Ouvry.[2] The first entry is addressed to Dickens himself.

67 Russell Square
London
Feb. 10, 1866

Dear Sir,

An article in your periodical "All the Year Round" at page 15 No. 351, reflects in strong language on certain Builders of Miniature Broughams & further identifying such Coach Builders as those who advertise these popular carriages.

Messrs. King & Co. of Long Acre I believe are the original builders of the Miniature & they think proper to advertise. Any one who is acquainted with Messrs. King's superior build must be fully satisfied the imputation could not honestly refer to them, but strangers are & may be misled. I am therefore requested by my Client to ask you to say that it has no reference to them, or to say to whom the article in question does refer.

I am Sir
J. Bowen May

The unsigned article to which, according to their legal representative, the coach builders had objected, had appeared in *All*

[1] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), III, 405.
[2] These letters are now the property of Farrer & Co., 66 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and are reproduced here by the generous permission of Sir Leslie Farrer, K.C.V.O.

the Year Round the 13th January, 1866, under the title "Carriages and their Changes." A nostalgic account of a journey by post from the extreme north of England to the north of France, it concludes with a detailed history of pleasure carriages and some specific information about their manufacture. In this connection appears the passage which had offended King and Company, the coach builders: "A certain class of carriage-builders use green wood of any quality, relying on paint to cover all defects, not expecting or caring to see any customer twice. There are some advertising fabricators of diminutive Broughams who are especially to be avoided."

No particular coach builder having been identified in the article, Dickens was entirely justified in dismissing the complaint as groundless. He turned May's letter over to Wills, who sent it to Ouvry with a covering note suggesting appropriate action:

> Would you kindly answer the enclosed letter for A.Y.R.? It relates to a passage at p. 15 of our present volume, which I enclose marked.
>
> Perhaps you may say that the subject of the article being closed, we do not intend to re-open in our pages or in any other way.

But the coach builders' solicitor was not to be disposed of thus summarily. He promptly and vigorously denounced the decision to drop the matter.

12 Feb. 1866

Gentlemen—

You surely cannot be aware of the position in which your client has placed himself; he has published a scurrilous article pointing distinctly to one of a highly respectable class; the leading firm of this class (the Coach-builders) having had the article pointed out to them as being a libel on that firm they in a polite letter ask the publishers to say that it does not refer to the firm on whose behalf I wrote, the only response is a curt letter from his Solicitor the "Article is closed," no reply whatever & not at all à propos of anything in my letter.

Am I to conclude that the imputation was intended for Messrs. King & Co.? This is the only inference that can be drawn. I pause for a reply.

J. Bowen May

Two days later, his last letter apparently having been ignored, May threatened to bring charges against the proprietor of *All the Year Round*. At the same time he added some new information justifying such action.

14 Feb. 1866

Gentm. King & Co. & Dickens

Should it be necessary to institute proceedings agt the proprietor of "All the Year Round" by reason of his refusing to explain the libel in his Journal I think it right to inform you, that there is good reason to suppose there was a strong sinister motive for the abuse & which I am about to say will satisfy almost any one that the article was directed against Messrs. King & Co.

A short time since a Mr. Wills who is " upon " All the Year Round, jobbed a Miniature Brougham of my Clients & because they would not repair some damage *gratuitously* he refused to pay until threatened with legal consequences, whereupon the gentleman in question was very angry, & to this anger is attributed the bitter article & the Dickens refusal of any gentlemanly explanation.

Should this still be with held, there is no alternative but a legal tribunal.

J. Bowen May

Wills considered the coach builders' charges so preposterous that he promptly sent Ouvry a formal denial of their allegations. A copy of this denial, he suggested, should be sent to May, in the hope that there would " be an end of the storm in their very dirty puddle." Accordingly, the following statement, as prepared by Wills, was despatched to May.

Most of the statements in Mr. Bowen May's letter are absolutely false. I never was threatened with legal proceedings by King's & Co. I paid for a brougham I bought of them at the very time the money was due for it. I *had* cause for complaint against them; but never refused to pay them one shilling for repairs which they demanded of me.

I am not the writer of the article of which they complain; nor are they (Messrs. King & Co.) referred to in it; nor did the slightest communication with reference to Messrs. King & Co. pass between the writer and me. This plain fact can be proved by both of us; and, under these circumstances Mr. Dickens positively refuses to gratify the desire of Messrs. King & Co. to get a large gratuitous advertisement through these pages.[1]

Such a strongly worded denial of the coach builders' charges should have silenced J. Bowen May. That it did not may be gathered from one of Dickens's letters to Georgina Hogarth. Writing to her from Dover on 11th May, 1866, during one of his provincial reading tours, Dickens announced: " I hope to be home [London, his temporary residence during the social season] on Monday by 11 or 12, and then to pack the portmanteau. I shall want the carriage at 1, as I must go to the office, having to meet Ouvry on our libel case."[2]

Whether this libel case was actually taken to court and just how much longer Dickens was plagued by this carking annoyance, is not indicated by the papers in Ouvry's file. In all probability the matter was settled privately. Nevertheless, the threat of a suit must have been extremely irksome to Dickens, coming at a time when his public readings made increasing demands on his energies and when his physical condition had already shown alarming symptoms of decline.

[1] See *Forty Years in My Bookshop*, W. T. Spencer, 1929.
[2] The original of this letter is in the Henry E. Huntington Library (HM 17601). The passage quoted above is omitted in the published version as found in both the Georgina Hogarth-Mamie Dickens and the Nonesuch editions.

The old boat-house at Yarmouth. From *The Graphic*, Nov. 1st, 1879

PEGGOTTY'S BOAT: FACT AND FICTION

EVERYONE who knows Yarmouth and who has read *David Copperfield*, is bound to be struck by the extraordinary reality of some of its scenes: like David, one can almost smell "the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar," see "the sailors walking about and the carts jingling up and down over the stones." Above all there is no doubt that, once one has met them in the novel, no one can ever forget Peggotty and Peggotty's hut. Certainly, at least once in every generation, there is a sudden revival of interest in the people in and around Great Yarmouth itself, and a flurry of letters to the local press discussing the existence and whereabouts of the "original" hut. But in spite of all that has ever been written about it in the past and, once again, quite recently, whether there was ever a "real hut" one can probably never hope to decide.

It is natural enough, all the same, that if anyone should be directly concerned with it, it is the columnist of the *Eastern Evening News*, who publishes his daily commentary from Yarmouth ("Through the Porthole") over the signature of "Peggotty". They are loyal to Dickens in Yarmouth. They should be. The old Toll-house Museum (destroyed during the war) used to display a piece of timber from Peggotty's hut; and it is reassuring to learn that at least one fragment of it still survives, duly embellished with a brass plate and supported by an apparently impressive pedigree.

Local readers, says "Peggotty", feel sure that Dickens must have known what it was like to pass the night in such "a delicious retreat," as he called it, as Peggotty's boat. Col. Lawrence Gadd suggested in *The Dickensian*, 1929, p. 124, that the "original" boat Dickens presumably knew, was not at Yarmouth at all, but at Gravesend. But the plain fact of the matter is, surely, that Dickens might have seen small buildings roofed with upturned boats almost anywhere, and the truly amazing thing that, though no one can prove that the "original" was

ever in this or that particular place, over a *hundred years* after he had explicitly explained that the *fictional* boat he described in the novel had been *destroyed*, disputants still press forward ready to champion their belief that it had a local habitation and a name.

It is a dangerous argument to be drawn into. But we have the permission of Dr. K. J. Fielding to make use of an article he has contributed to the *Eastern Daily Press*, in which he sets out his own opinions. As he comes from Yarmouth, we may be wise to leave the dispute to those who know the scene.

Before any discussion about this question (Dr. Fielding writes) there are several points to bear in mind. The first is that Peggotty was a completely fictional character; the second, that the first time that Dickens visited Yarmouth was for two or three days in January, 1849, and he never went back; and the third, that the story is supposed to take place about 1810-25, and that after the great tempest in which Steerforth is drowned, Peggotty's boat is particularly said to have been "blown down" and "scattered by the wind." Any so-called piece of Peggotty's hut, therefore, is likely to be less authentic than a genuine plank from Noah's ark.

There may well have been some boat-like huts at Yarmouth, and at other coastal resorts Dickens visited, but there is no reliable evidence to connect them with *David Copperfield*. The late Dr. Bately of Gorleston, who looked into the question fairly closely and who wrote about it in *The Dickensian*, in 1909, believed that Dickens could not have seen the Camden Road building, which was simply one roofed over by an upturned boat. It is true enough, though, that Dickens is known to have talked to the Trafalgar veteran, James Sharman, who lived in a tarred shack at the foot of Nelson's Monument; and it is quite possible that this may have suggested something to him.

It is almost certain that Sharman's daring rescue of the sole survivor of the *Hammond* brig gave Dickens the idea for Ham's attempt to rescue Steerforth. So, at least, thought Louis Meall, who wrote in his *Guide* to Yarmouth (6th edition, 1854), "the prototype of the brave Ham is—JAMES SHARMAN."

Meall's *Guide* (2nd edition, 1851), in fact, probably offers the best evidence on this matter to be found. This edition was published only one year after *Copperfield*. Meall was a local journalist, and, though proud of his association with Dickens, he wrote: "Peggotty's boat, indeed, is as much a creation of the author's fancy, as the adventures of the heroic and true-hearted Peggotty himself; but it is a very characteristic feature in a coast scene of 30 years ago—and many a type of Peggotty is still to be met with among our rough-handed but warm-hearted fishermen."

This may seem disappointing. But surely the main interest in this question lies in linking Dickens and Yarmouth, and fact and fiction; and the oddity is that, while there are dozens of real associations, it is Peggotty's boat that catches everyone's imagination. It was just a fancy! "If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all," says young David, "I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it." What makes Peggotty's imaginary boat so much more important

than the Royal Hotel, where Dickens actually stayed; the Buck Inn, where David alighted on his first visit to Yarmouth; or the Duke's Head, where the "friendly waiter" so obligingly ate his young friend's dinner? These are all still to be seen. Old almanacs and timetables leave no doubt about these. Such real associations are certain. Others are still to be found. Others suggest themselves the moment one turns the pages of local history. Dickens is known to have spoken to some of the local boatmen: did he, I wonder speak to Samuel Brock, a well-known local hero and boatman still commemorated by Brock's buildings, off Wellington Road? Still other links are yet to be discovered. One of Dickens's close friends, for example, had been a Yarmouth man, Samuel Laman Blanchard—a journalist, writer, and for some time clerk to a proctor in the Doctor's Commons. There is no more than a hint for David here.

The fact is that such questions are so complicated. It is only quite recently that anyone has ever wondered how it was that, after so short a stay in Yarmouth, Dickens succeeded in making Peggotty seem so natural in speaking of "mawthers" and "dodmen," and using other dialect words. Careful inquiry has shown that he must have managed this by using a book on the subject, Major Edward Moor's *Suffolk Words and Phrases*.

The extraordinary thing is that Dickens was able to make his characters come so alive that in some ways, his novels seem more real than life. They set one seeking for the reality; and there is every excuse for us doing so. For, as he finished *David Copperfield*, Dickens himself wrote that he felt he "had nothing else to tell; unless, indeed, I were to confess. . . that no one can ever believe this Narrative in the reading more than I believed it in the writing."

A DICKENS COMPETITION

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW THE BOOKS?

It is some years since *The Dickensian* offered a Competition to its readers. This new one has been arranged by Mr. John Greaves and everyone is invited to compete. In order that overseas members shall have an opportunity to participate, the result will not be announced until the January Number, but solutions must be received at the Dickens House, clearly marked COMPETITION in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope, not later than November 15th, A prize is offered for the greatest number of correct answers—a copy of the new edition of *The Speeches of Charles Dickens*, edited by Dr. K. J. Fielding. Should more than one competitor provide the same number of correct answers, the judging will be facilitated by question 9. A distinguished Dickensian will be invited to decide which of the "Wellerisms" in the most correct entries is the best. Any number of entries may be sent by one competitor.

Answers to all but No. 9 can be found by reference to the books.

1. What was Mr. Pickwick's "hideous dream"?
2. (a) What was considered better land than the grounds of Manor Farm, Dingley Dell? (b) How many people agreed and (c) who were they? (d) Who disagreed? (e) Describe that person.
3. Dickens often mentioned Robinson Crusoe in his books. In *Pickwick Papers* he refers to Robinson Crusoe in connection with three characters. (a) Who are they, and (b) how does Dickens connect them with Robinson Crusoe?
4. (a) Describe the girl Mr. Snodgrass married. (b) Give reasons for your description.
5. (a) What never wound up a clock or worked a steam engine in *Pickwick Papers*? (b) Who said it (c) to whom, (b) about whom? (e) In what month and year was it said?
6. (a) What is a "brown George" and (b) in what connection is it used in *Nicholas Nickleby*?
7. (a) Which is the odd one out in the following five titles and (b) why?

   Mortal Struggle
   Intrigue
   The Lady Flabella
   Timour the Tartar.
   Ways and Means

8. (a) What was Mrs, Clennam's secret? (b) Who were parties to it? (c) Who discovered it? Answer (a) in not more than 50 words.
9. "Anything for a quiet life as the man said wen he took the sitiwation at the lighthouse." That is one of the forty Weller isms that appear in *Pickwick Papers*. Take as a beginning—"Anything for a laugh as the . . ." and make up your own Wellerism by completing this statement.
10. The following questions are based on the book for study for the year—*Dombey and Son*.
    With whom are the following connected?
    (a) A stationary eye
    (b) A revolving eye
    (c) A hard grey eye
    (d) A fishy old eye
    (e) Who was the Nobby Shropshire One?
    (f) Who beat the Game Chicken?
    (g) Who was Burgess & Co.?
    (h) Who kept pigeons?
    (i) Who allows a little silver scoopful of tea for the pot?
    (j) What did Mr. Toots get for 10/6?
11. (a) In *A Christmas Carol* which character's hair turned grey?
    (b) Who had beef at Christmas, apart from Fezziwig's guests?
    (c) What connection has this story with Holland?
    (d) Who played the harp?
    (e) Who had the largest family and what was that family?
12. (a) On what grounds might we assume that John Jasper in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* had a sister?
    (b) Who in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was threatened?
    (c) Who was the threatened?

NOTES ON *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

By T. W. Hill

continued from Vol. LV, page 59.

Chapter XLVIII

1. SKIPPING UP AND DOWN. The lively antics of the old lamplighters, who had to put up a short ladder and climb each lamppost, night and morning, to trim the lamps and turn them on or off.

2. DIRTY WINDING SHEETS. Winding sheet was the name given to the shroud in which a body was covered before burial; it was applied to the guttering of a candle, which was supposed by the superstitious (practically everyone) to presage death.

3. SUDDEN GLARE OF LIGHT. See chapter xxxiii, note 3.

4. A SCORE OF YEARS AGO. See chapter xlii, note 1.

5. OVER THE BROOMSTICK. Applied to the union of a couple who live as man and wife; they used to be said to have jumped over a broomstick as this prank was part of a quasi-marriage ceremony.

6. CHILD . . . THREE YEARS OLD. See chapter xxxviii, note 1.

Chapter XLIX

1. HALF-WAY HOUSE . . . WALKED. See chapter xxviii, note 1. An eighteen-mile-walk would take four or five hours.

2. UNFREQUENTED WAYS. In any case Pip had to cross the river by the bridge before turning off the main road. He made a " loop of a couple of miles " in chapter xxx.

3. NOOKS OF RUIN. Pip must have turned to the right to reach these " nooks of ruin " if, as seems probable, he refers to the existing remains of the Chapter House and Norman cloister at Rochester.

4. CATHEDRAL CHIMES. This is the only mention of a cathedral in connexion with the " Market Town ", and confirms the general acceptance of Rochester as the original of " Our Town ".

5. PRIORY GARDENS. Again, the only mention of the old Priory of St. Andrew, identifying Rochester as " Our Town ".

6. JAGGERS BROUGHT HER HERE. This would be after the conviction of Magwitch " a score of years ago " as mentioned in chapter xlviii.

7. I DON'T KNOW LONG. Miss Havisham may have lost count of time, but the period was twenty years, and this would be confirmed by the age of Estella—23—as she was three years old when she was sent to Miss Havisham. (See also chapter xxxviii, note 1.)

8. PROVIS HAD A LITTLE CHILD. Here is Dickens's memorandum on this: " Estella as Magwitch's child must have been born about 3 years before he knew Compeyson." How deftly are all the details woven together.

Chapter L

1. A ROUND SCORE O' YEARS AGO. Round here means complete, without fractions: it also bears the implication that twenty

years is a considerable time, and Shakespeare uses " round " in this sense:

" Ten thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum."

(*Merchant of Venice*, act i, scene 2.)

2. IN MY SEVENTH YEAR. See chapter i, note 4; also chapter xxxix, note 1.

Chapter LI

1. GILTSPUR STREET. Stow calls it " Gilt Spurr, or Knight-riders' Street of the knights and others riding that way into Smithfield." The latter name has disappeared as there is a Knightrider Street, along which the knights from the Tower rode on their way to Smithfield, which was used when it was an open space in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries for jousting.

Chapter LII

1. LAND OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Herbert was going to Egypt (Cairo) which is hardly Arabia, but near enough for Pip to imagine all the glamour of the Eastern tales.

2. STAIRS HARD BY. Bill Barley's house at Chink's Basin was quite close to the river bank. See chapter xlvi, note 3.

3. SHORT BY-WAYS. Even in those days it was sometimes quicker to walk by back streets than to take a coach through the traffic congestion of the main roads.

4. INN OF MINOR REPUTATION. There is no inn in Rochester with a " little octagonal room " but Col. Gadd says the Mitre at Chatham did in Dickens's time possess such an apartment. It is some distance " down the town " and if the identification is correct, Pip had a good way to walk back to Satis House, and then return to the inn " while dinner was preparing." It also added to the length of his walk to the " little sluice-house ".

Chapter LIII

1. FLINT AND STEEL. A good description of the use of the old tinder-box, before the introduction of the lucifer match.

2. BODY IN THE KILN. The consuming effect of lime on a human body is also hinted at in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, although it will never be known if it was actually used as that tale was not finished.

3. DO YOU MIND? A former phrase for " do you heed? " The modern phrase preserves the same meaning if the words are re-arranged: " Mind you do."

Chapter LIV

1. TIDE BEGINNING TO RUN DOWN AT NINE. Among Dickens's memoranda is a sheet shewing the times of the tides.

" Tide

Down at	Up
9 a.m.	3 p.m.
till	till
3 p.m.	9 p.m.

Down 9 p.m.
to 3 morning
at Down 9 a.m. till 3 p.m. Wednesday
Up at 3 p.m. till 9 p.m. Wednesday
Down at 9 p.m. till 3 a.m. Thursday
Up at 3 a.m. till 9 a.m. Thursday
when the boat starts."

2. BILLINGSGATE MARKET. The oyster boats landed so many oysters that they were sold at four for a penny (Mayhew). The Dutch eel-boats are permanently moored off Billingsgate by a privilege granted in Queen Elizabeth's days; they are used as storage live-tanks for the eels brought over by Netherlands fishermen; originally, it is said, for the royal table.

3. TENDERS. Large pads made of rope, hanging over the side of a vessel as a protection against damage by collision with a quay or pier, or with other vessels. They would be unnecessary in the open sea so the "ships' boys might take their fenders in."

4. FISH IN TROUBLED WATERS. Referring, of course, to the stirred-up water and eddies caused by manoeuvring the ship in the tidal waters. Actually fishing in troubled waters is a figurative expression (Fr. pécher en eau troublé) for taking advantage of disturbances in other peoples' affairs to gain one's own end. Grafton in his *Chronicale* (1568) writes: "Their perswasions whiche alwayes desyre your unquietnesse wherebye they may the better fishe in the water when it is troubled."

5. WENT ON BOARD AND CAST OFF. Dickens chartered a steamer especially on May 22nd, 1861, to go over the course of Magwitch's flight, but he must have made many previous investigations, as the whole of this vivid narrative shews that he had studied the river and its currents very thoroughly.

4. ASHORE TO GET . . . BEER. Colonel Gadd suggests that this took place at Greenhithe on the south bank of the river. See his article in *The Dickensian*, 1926, page 31.

5. FLOATING CUSTOM HOUSE. Liners coming up the river were boarded in Gravesend Reach by launches sent out by H.M. Customs, Port Sanitary and other authorities.

6. ASHORE AMONG SLIPPERY STONES. On the north bank of the river a little to the west of Mucking lighthouse. (See next note.)

7. SQUAT SHOAL LIGHTHOUSE. A little beacon erected on iron piles in the mud some yards out from the solid shore, known as Mucking Flat Lighthouse. The present structure (replacing that of the story) was erected in 1849-1851. It has not been used as a light since 1916 and was sold in 1926.

8. OARS WORKED IN THE THOWELS. Thowels, or tholes, are wooden pegs or pins inserted in the gunwhale of a boat; usually used in pairs, the space between the tholes forming a rowlock in which the oars work.

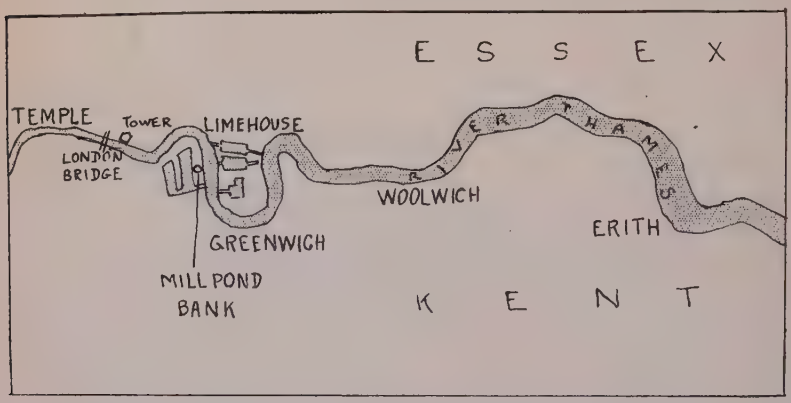
9. A LIGHT AND A ROOF. The suggestion that the Ship and Lobster at Gravesend is disguised as "a light and a roof" is made untenable by the fact that Pip's boat has passed the "squat shoal lighthouse" and was some miles beyond Gravesend. Col. Gadd suggests the Lobster Smack on Canvey Island, as of this house

only the " light and a roof " is visible over the top of the dyke by the riverside although the inn stands close to the river. (See *The Dickensian*, 1926.) The boat had been rowed for thirty-three miles from Temple Stairs in spite of Pip's burnt, bruised and injured hand and arm.

10. YOU THINKS CUSTOM 'US. One of the boats mentioned in note 5 above.

11. TO COME UP SMALL SALAD. Satirical, of course. Small salad was the trade name for mustard-and-cress.

12. BEATING OF THE PADDLES. Here is another clue to the date of the story. The first practicable steam-driven vessel (a



For map of lower reaches of the Thames see Vol. LIII, page 121

paddle steamer) was Robert Fulton's in 1807. Dickens crossed the Atlantic in the paddle-driven *Britannia* in 1842. Screws came into use 1839-1840. All steam vessels carried sails as well till about 1870 and even nowadays many ships carry a small suit of sails for use in an emergency.

Chapter LV

1. OLD OFFICER OF THE PRISON-SHIP. The officer had a fairly long service and a good memory as it was seventeen years since he had seen Magwitch.

2. NEVER LOOKED INTO THE RED BOOK. One wonders if Herbert made a wry face when he made this indirect allusion to the book over which his mother spent so much of her time. In chapter xxii Pip had been " curious to know what the book could be ", and in chapter xxiii it is revealed that it was a " book all about titles ", and was a " book of dignities ". Court Guides have always been bound in red and usually with much embellishment in gold. The earliest is John Debrett's *Peerage* (1784) followed by the *Baronetage of England* (1808), later combined in one volume to form the well-known Debrett's *Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage* of the present day. There was also Webster's *Royal Red Book* (1797) consisting largely of addresses and titles of the nobility and landed gentry. The book providing the most detailed particulars

is John Burke's *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom* (1826), now known as Burke's *Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage*. The book used by Mrs. Pocket was probably Debrett.

3. CAMBERWELL GREEN. Wemmick and Pip were in the Walworth Road, which becomes Camberwell Road before it reaches the Green.

4. HERE'S A CHURCH. The exact whereabouts of Wemmick's Castle cannot be traced, and therefore the church also is difficult to identify, but in *The Dickensian*, 1908, there is an intelligent and plausible theory that St. George's Church, Camberwell, will serve for Wemmick's wedding. If he lived (as seems probable) in the waste called at that time Walworth Common, St. George's would be on the way across the marshes and the Surrey Canal towards Camberwell Green; it is indeed the only church then existing, having been consecrated in 1822. Col. Gadd, however, thinks that "this was the old parish church of Saint Giles, Camberwell, afterwards burnt down in 1841 . . . Saint George's church is not at Camberwell Green nor even thereabouts . . . Saint Giles might almost be said to be on the Green." It remains for the reader to decide which church, if either, was the scene of Wemmick's nuptials.

5. PLEASANT LITTLE TAVERN. The only tavern between Camberwell Green and Dulwich, a mile or more to the south, is The Fox Under the Hill at the corner of the present Champion Park. It is situated just at the beginning of the "rising ground" (Denmark Hill) and no doubt got its name from that circumstance. It was formerly a favourite resort, especially on Sunday evenings, of Walworth and Camberwell people out for a stroll. Rebuilt many years ago, it is now a modern commodious public house.

CHAPTER LVI

1. SESSIONS. These were the April Sessions. Magwitch was captured in March and appeared at the Police Court (see previous chapter). See also *post* "drops of April rain . . . rays of April sun."

2. CHAINS AND NOSEGAYS. The chains were the sheriffs' badges of office, and the nosegays were fragrant herbs strewed about the Court as a prophylactic against gaol fever.

3. TWO MEN WHO WENT UP INTO TEMPLE. This parable is to be found in St. Luke's gospel, chapter xviii, verses 10-13.

CHAPTER LVII

1. COME TO MY HOUSE. A spunging-house preparatory to imprisonment for debt. It will be remembered that in *Pickwick Papers*, chapter xl, Mr. Pickwick went to Namby's before being taken to the Fleet Prison, and in *Bleak House* Harold Skimpole had the chance of going to Coavinses but was released by having his debt paid by Esther and Richard. In *Little Dorrit* Arthur Clennam elected to go straight to the Marshalsea without the formality of the spunging-house, and Mr. Watkins Tottle was

rescued from a spunging-house by Mr. Gabriel Parsons in *Sketches by Boz* (Tales x).

2. COOL FOUR THOUSAND. Dickens makes play with the meaning Joe attached to the adjective, but it was a conventional word implying a considerable amount, and Joe evidently thought Matthew Pocket had come in for a handsome legacy.

3. CASTLES MUST NOT BE BUSTED. The treatment of Pumblechook has some similarity to that undergone by John Willett at the Maypole in *Barnaby Rudge*.

Chapter LVIII

1. ARE IN CHARITY AND LOVE WITH ALL MANKIND. Adapted from the invitation in the Communion Service of the Church of England: "Ye that do truly repent you of your sins and are in love and charity with your neighbours, etc."

2. CLERK TO CLARRIKER. Dickens's own memorandum on this reads: "So goes abroad to Herbert (happily married to Clara Barley) and becomes his clerk."

3. MANY A YEAR WENT ROUND. This sounds a very long time, but Pip was only out of England eleven years in all.

Chapter LIX

1. FOR ELEVEN YEARS. Pip is now, at the end of the book, about 36 and the story has covered 29 years (since he was 7).

2. NO HOUSE NOW. The disappearance of Satis House is a device of the author to prevent its exact identification. Actually, of course, "Restoration House", Rochester, still exists. The same fiction is applied to the public house The Waggon and Horses, Beckhampton, said to be the property of Tom Smart in the *Pickwick Papers* (the bagman's story): "the old house was pulled down."

Concluded

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP ANNUAL CONFERENCE 1962 in Boston, U.S.A.

150th Anniversary of the Birth of Dickens.
Diamond Jubilee of the Dickens Fellowship.
140th Anniversary of Dickens's first visit to America.

The Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship in June 1962, will be held in Boston, Mass., U.S.A., in celebration of these three notable anniversaries.

Our American colleagues are preparing the warmest welcome for English members who go over for this important Conference in Dickens's favourite American city.

Will any English members who think of going, please send to the Hon. Secretary, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1., for a questionnaire form, and return it to him when completed. Your replies will aid in the planning of the trip so as to meet the wishes of everyone travelling, as far as possible, and, in addition, assist in keeping the cost to reasonable proportions. No other correspondence is invited at present.

OBITUARIES

Sydney Alexander Henry

It is sad, so soon after his superb gift to the Dickens House, of his wonderful collection of Dickens in the original serial parts, to record the death of Dr. S. A. Henry, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., which occured in February, after a long illness.

Dr. Henry was born in Rochdale, Lancs., and was educated at Rossal, Trinity College Cambridge, and St. Thomas' Hospital. After serving throughout the First World War, he relinquished his practice to become a Medical Inspector (Home Office) in Manchester, at which time he began his researches on cancer, later being regarded as a leading authority on the subject.

Some months ago he presented his collection of materials on Chimney Sweeps, the labour of 35 years, to the Folklore Museum at Kirkstall Abbey, Leeds, which was followed by the donation of his Dickens Collection to the Dickens House. That collection includes several variants of every serial part of all the novels thus issued with the exception of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist* and *Sketches by Boz*, and much other material, particularly early illustrations. Only a few days before his death he added his collection of very rare serial parts of *Sketches by Boz* to the collection. At Dr. Henry's request the gift has been made in the names of himself and his sister, Miss M. Henry. It had been hoped to catalogue this valuable collection quickly, but the task is formidable and delay is inevitable.

Dr. Henry's name henceforth will be held in grateful remembrance by the Dickens Fellowship whose deepest sympathy is extended to his sister.

Thomas Spooner Lascelles

When, in January, Dickensians in London were held enthralled by Mr. T. S. Lascelles's lecture on *Transport in Dickens's Day* (which will appear later in these pages) they little thought that within a month they would learn of his death, which occurred on February 16th, entirely without warning.

Mr. Lascelles came of a family that for three or four generations have been associated with railway engineering. He joined a prominent firm of signal engineers in 1909, with whom he remained until his retirement, when he was its Managing Director, in 1945. He joined the Institution of Railway Signal Engineers in 1913 and later held several important offices in it, finally becoming its President in 1953, being then in his 63rd year. He was a frequent contributor to the Institution's journal and to the *Railway Gazette*.

A member of the Dickens Fellowship for many years, his wisdom, integrity and knowledge were generously placed at its service without stint. He was a notable Chairman of Executive Committee and a most valuable Trustee of the Dickens House. His loss is incalculable. On several occasions he contributed to *The Dickensian* on railway matters and he was keenly interested in the solution of the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Our sincere sympathy is offered to Mrs. Lascelles and her family.

William Clement Day

The many friends of Bill Day, as he was always affectionately known, were grieved to hear of his death, in February, at Guernsey where he had lived for five years on account of his health. Prominent in public life at Hatfield for thirty years, particularly in the Scout movement, his work was extensive, thorough and arduous in spite of the extremely serious effect his experiences in the first World War had had upon his health. His work for the Hatfield Branch of the Dickens Fellowship was equally noteworthy and it was he who organised the Conference staged by that Branch at St. Albans in 1926. The hosts of his friends in the Fellowship extend their deep sympathy to the sister who devoutedly cared for him throughout the years.

The death is also regretfully recorded of Miss G. Parry and Mr. T. Dutton of Manchester, and Mrs. Wm. N. Watson, Miss Kathryn D. Willis, Mrs. Webster Melcher of Philadelphia, Mr. William Wilson of Liverpool and Lady Cynthia Asquith, and Miss Adeline Parker of Headquarters.

DICKENS AT THE MERMAID

LONDON'S much publicised Mermaid Theatre, the first professional theatre to be opened in the historic "square-mile" of the city for two hundred years or more, has presented its first Dickens adaptation. There is nothing traditional about this modern theatre, it has an "open stage," which means that there is no division of the bare brick walls between stage and auditorium. Its first three productions were highly revolutionary so that we expected something unusual in its first Dickens, which followed on April 13th, and we were not disappointed.

Great Expectations was presented in a new version by Gerald Frow, which keeps praiseworthily close to the novel but it would have been much more effective, especially for those unfamiliar with the book, if it had not attempted some of the subsidiary scenes.

The programme credits Sean Kenny with the designs, but what they may be is in some doubt—all that was visible on the vast stage was two scantily furnished rafts, between which was a grave-trap, and from each of which mounted a stairway to the scaffolding which filled the upper stage. In the circumstances the performance took on the aspect of a rehearsal on an all but naked stage, so that the company, working with a will, made very little impression indeed. It has however to be admitted that the company can in no way compare with the distinguished group of players who gave so exciting a rendering of this book at the Rudolf Steiner Hall in 1940. It would be too melancholy a task to consider the cast in detail but one may be permitted to wonder why the director permitted a Jaggers played entirely for comedy. The result, naturally, was not Jaggers at all.

The programme, though far and away the best of its kind sold now in London Theatres, has some curious blemishes. Why, for instance does Miss Stiggins appear in the list of *dramatis personae*? Did the Pickwickian "Shepherd" have a sister; or a daughter? Even so, what is she doing in this galley? L.C.S.

Broadstairs Annual Dickens Festival
1960

JUNE, 14th to 18th inclusive

Organised by the Broadstairs Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

DICKENS PLAY "BLEAK HOUSE"
Adapted by Gladys Waterer. From the novel by Charles Dickens.

Walking Tour of Old Broadstairs. Dickensian Garden Party and Costume Parade.

Conducted Coach Tour. Talk "Dickens in Broadstairs," Etc.

Further particulars of the Festival may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Broadstairs Branch, Dickens Fellowship, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

Please send a stamped addressed envelope.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE DICKENS HOUSE

New Designs

1. The Dance at Trotty Veck's	4/– dozen
2. Mr. Pickwick on the Ice	4/6 dozen
3. Tiny Tim	5/– dozen
4. Fezziwig's Ball	4/– dozen
5. Christmas at Dingley Dell	4/6 dozen
6. Scrooge (*Silhouette*)	4/– dozen
7. Quotation Cards	3/– dozen

Postage 6d. dozen extra

The Dickens Fellowship
LONDON MEETINGS

May Sunday 8th. Dickens Commemorative Service, St. George's Church, Southwark. Little Dorrit's church, 6-30 p.m.

Fri.-Mon. 20th-23rd. ANNUAL CONFERENCE, SOUTHEND-on-SEA.

Fri. 27th. Dramatic Performance *Dombey and Son.* Portland Hall, Little Tichfield Street, W.1. Tickets from Dickens House.

June Wed. 8th. A wreath will be laid on Dickens's grave in Westminster Abbey. Meet West Door 6-15 p.m. An evening ramble will follow conducted by Mr. Mostyn Harper.

Sat. 18th. Pilgrimage to Brighton, the Dombey country, and Petworth House. Tickets from Dickens House, 35s. incl. lunch and tea.

Admission to Lectures and Rambles by Membership card. Friends may be introduced at a charge of 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Founded 6th October, 1902.

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Full particulars of the Fellowship and Forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.